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TVA—Menace or Blessing?

Editorial Foreword

THIS IS WRITTEN in an eddy of recession when the glue of courage with which the New Deal fortified America in 1933 seems to be melting. Values are falling, unemployment increasing, initiative slackening, hopeful programs and plans cracking up. With war and threats of war abroad, in our country Reform seems to be fighting Recovery. Are we to sink so low that there will be nothing left for us to reform?

One of the most malignant worries plaguing general confidence today is the fear that the government is geared to destroy private utilities. Electricity was once the white hope of American initiative. The pursuit of electrical power was as exciting as gold in Alaska. Reform laws have somewhat cooled that ardor, and the Tennessee Valley Authority, with dams and power plants financed by taxes, is offering power at cheaper rates that seem ruinous to some of the private companies. The fear of seven TVA's covering America palsies new utility construction and keeps investment money locked in the banks.

Surely we can have reform without ruin. It would be national suicide were the vast efforts of a generation of engineering in developing our utilities and the thrift and savings of a people who trusted applied science to be scuttled in the relentless pursuit of an experiment, however noble. We shall not use a yardstick as a destroying rod.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

THE OBJECT of the New Deal is not to enforce an *ism;* it is to restore democracy, to reform the laws of the Great American Game so that everybody can play it. The plan is not prohibition but decent freedom. This means compromise and teamwork. Business and government must be generous to each other and play together. There are no limits to the consumption of power. Interstate rates should be fixed by federal commission and lowered sufficiently to stimulate consumption but not so rapidly as to injure the existing fabric.

I have just returned from a tour in Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee as guest of the Tennessee Valley Authority. I saw Pickwick Dam, Wheeler Dam, Wilson Dam, and Norris Dam. I met leading engineers on each project, as well as social engineers who are engaged in humanizing the new communities created by the Authority and the rejuvenated old communities. These engineers are joyful men, men firm in their technical integrity and warm in

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prophetic zeal. Their wives in the new villages are radiant, and the children healthy and eager. Utopia seems nearer here than anywhere else in America excepting Rockefeller Center. The new power stations of the Authority are streamlined and dazzling wonders of modernity. And for home architecture we must travel to that most modern of nations, Sweden, to find dwellings as attractive as the modest but varied and imaginative houses of the new town of Norris.

These engineers of the Authority feel that the current "general feeling" of fear of the TVA is exaggerated. They can figure out that the lower rates offered by the Authority for surplus power from the dams, in stimulating the private utilities to lower their rates in competition, have brought about both increased consumption and larger net profits for the private companies. These engineers of the Authority are reluctant to talk about rates, as they seem to regard the late controversy as a red herring dragged across the picture of the more important functions of the Authority in flood control, waterway improvement, and regional rehabilitation.

The project of a series of dams on the Tennessee River is, of course, not an invention of the New Deal. It is a century-old dream of that most nonpolitical of American organizations, the regular army. And the controversy about Muscle Shoals dates from the time of Henry Clay. It has waited for the Tennessee Valley Authority to turn the dream into reality and take over the nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals in its stride. In times of flood the dams impound the water in wide lakes and delay its passage along the great bow of the Tennessee, to keep it from pouring too rapidly into the Ohio. It is estimated that during the last great floods the dams already constructed on the Tennessee and its tributaries prevented losses of millions of dollars along the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The Tennessee dams and their locks — the latter operated by army engineers — already furnish a model for the future control of all rivers and the elimination of floods.

The Authority is advancing inland navigation by insuring a nine-foot waterway from the Ohio to Knoxville. This waterway affords unlimited capacity for freight in barges drawn by tugs. The forwarding of bulk by water, wherever available, will always be more advantageous than passage by land or the air.

Most promising of all the potentialities of the TVA is the rehabilitation of agriculture. This once fertile valley, the home of pioneers, has been denuded of forest and stripped of its soil. Corn and cotton have sapped the earth of its phosphates. The furrows of erosion are starkly revealed on every hand. The rains are not absorbed, but drain instead into the Gulf of Mexico.

METAPHOSPHATE

THE AUTHORITY is teaching the practice of planting in terraces, which prevent the soil from slipping. It encourages the sowing of legumes and crops which fertilize and hold the soil. At Muscle Shoals, Nitrate Plant No. 2 has been turned into a factory for the manufacture of phosphates. Phosphorus is essential to fertility. The Authority is demonstrating how phosphate rock can be converted into fertilizer. It has succeeded in fabricating a chemical stronger in fertilizer than any previously manufactured — calcium metaphosphate. The Authority releases these products to farmers who agree to use them only on such crops as will recarpet eroded soil. Under the unified leadership of this regional authority the valley is being made to bloom again by employing electricity to create a new topsoil out of the mineral deposits of the subsoil. A thrifty population is kept at home to plant diversified crops, to use electricity for dwellings and factories, and to operate waterways for commerce.

The facilities of the Authority are kept in readiness, in the event of war, for the manufacture of explosives and for other purposes. The personnel of the Authority is chosen by merit. The corps of engineers is resolute to keep out of patronage and politics. In our army, as in many other federal units, the United States has succeeded in maintaining a high level of disinterested efficiency. If sustained with wisdom on the part of the public, the Tennessee Valley Authority will prove an enduring federal arm for directing the rehabilitation of the South and sustaining there an enlightened standard of living.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Getting Adjusted to Life

by **WINFRED RHOADES**

When life stands still, that is perdition.

We think it might be heaven. We think that, if we could get some money and have a pleasant place to live in and be free from worry and settle down for some years of enjoyment at last, then it would be like heaven. But we are wrong.

If Mephistopheles, when he introduced Faust to pleasures and delights, to experiences of self-gratification, and to places of ease, had been able at any of those moments to make his protagonist wish that life might stand still, he would have had his soul. For that would have been the beginning of hell, that place where a man could be content to abide, with no more work, no more suffering, no more service of fellow man, no more light for the spirit, no more progress in the development of a soul. Goethe's insight was a profound one.

It was only when Faust was in the midst of a vast work for struggling humanity that he could ask to have time stand still for a while and be safe from the clutches of the devil. For then his plea was for just the opposite of ease and self-indulgence. It was a plea for a chance to do hard work, a chance to be of service to humanity, a chance to stay where he might be called on to suffer, a chance for more development as a soul.

A picture drawn in our own day suggests a similar idea. The writer imagines himself as dead and beginning his experience in the other world. After a brief period of drifting in the strange unknown, he finds himself in a lovely country — with balmy airs, an abundance of flowers, charming dwelling places, and pleasant people sitting around in easy chairs, eating delicious foods, and sipping delectable drinks. He thinks he has arrived in heaven. But it is hell. Stagnation, the end of growth, the end of labor, the end of service, the end of suffering that has creative power — that is hell. Not until a soul in that pleasant place roused itself out of halcyon contentedness and fled away with all the strength and speed it could command and plunged eagerly into activity and change and stern adventure and suffering and hard and prolonged educative experience and love and sacrificial companionship and the enjoyment of whatever simple pleasures were along the way: not until then did that soul find itself in life, real life, once more.

There, in that picture drawn by Arthur Christopher Benson, is to be found another profound insight into the true meaning of life. Stagnation is not life, not even if it chance to be a state of physical and emotional contentment.

The greater values of life, the reality of life — these are to be found through the experience of toil and hardness and pain, through living with other people and being obliged to consider their needs, through the discipline and education that such relations with other people involve.

When education ceases, death begins. And education is not sitting down for a sweet evening with a box of bonbons. Education is a matter of discipline, vigorous and long continued and often stern.

And that is something not easy to accept. But it must be accepted. Nay, more: it must be welcomed. Coming with potency to ruin life, it must be turned into the builder of life. The enrichment of life must be drawn from that which threatens to destroy life.

That enrichment may be sometimes external and manifest itself in increased prosperity or comfort or reputation. But that is the lesser gain. The greater gain is internal and shows itself in a deeper understanding, a heightened self-mastery, an increased courage, a truer and warmer heart, a ripened spirit, a greatened value as a personality. That is the real attainment of life — to grow and ripen and mature

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and become ever more perfect as a personality. Whether experience is hard or easy, it is good experience if it leads to that result.

We do ourselves hurt when we refuse to take the blows of life in that way.

Living in the Past

A recent case will illustrate. Mrs. Ennys would talk for an hour and a half without a break, detailing at length, one after another, painful memories out of her past. She would have talked longer if time had been granted her. Day after day she would do this. If the person who was trying to help her attempted to introduce some constructive suggestion, she wouldn't hear him through but would interrupt in the midst of a sentence and talk him down. If he asked a question that might have helped her see how she could improve her present or future condition, she would begin an answer and then, without completing it, get herself back once more on the old track.

"She never forgets anything," said her husband. It would perhaps have been nearer the truth if he had said that she never forgot anything painful; for pleasant memories did not appear in all her talk of the past. The injury that had been done her by this one, the interference that had come from that one, the grief she had suffered, the tears she had shed, the struggles she had made, the pains she had endured in the long past, the problems about money, the husband who was "the best man in the world" but about whom there were none the less incessant complaints — these were the burden of her talk.

Mrs. Ennys was letting time stand still in the past and was making a hell for herself thereby. She would not see that the pain she cherished and lived with in her mind could be the cause — and, if not originally the inciting cause, at any rate the present intensifying and perpetuating cause — of the pain in her body. She refused to take her experiences as educative lessons and therefore as aids to a more healthy inward life and saw in them only blows and thwartings and hindrances and reasons for living continuously in a pernicious mood of self-pity.

When Brother Lawrence, that cook in a monastery kitchen who had been in earlier years first a footman and then a soldier, gave to the world the phrase, *the practice of the presence of God*, he gave it an exceedingly fruitful thought. Amid all the noise and clatter of his kitchen, he said, he could be as much at peace and as fully conscious of God as when he was on his knees in his own cell. He practiced the presence of something energizing and exalting.

Mrs. Ennys was doing precisely the opposite. She was practicing the presence of all the painful experiences of her past life, of thoughts that were enfeebling and abasing. If she is ever to be well physically, she must change her whole habit of life, mentally and emotionally. She complained continually of backache. The examination by a skilled physician, followed up by an X-ray inspection, showed no sign of a diseased condition; but it makes no difference whether there actually is some lesion in her back or not. She must change her habits of thought reaction and emotion reaction if she is to rise up out of her present state of illness and to make the most and the best of her span of life.

The Canker of Self-Pity

In contrast, consider a letter which came from a man who was dying of cancer. He was only in his early forties. He was an illustrious as well as brilliant example of what a physician can be. He had been married only two or three years. And he saw himself steadily fading away. The downhill lines of the letter, becoming ever more sloping as the bottom of the page was approached, bore eloquent testimony to the weakness of the physical man.

But there was no weakening of the intellectual and spiritual man. His thought was still on what he desired to accomplish. He would like to get well, he said, because he had learned from his experience many things that would enable him to be of greater help to other sufferers.

He knew he had no chance of recovery, but there was no complaint against life, no self-pity. Cut down in the early days of his greatness, when he had years of still richer expectation before him, this eminent physician, Dr. Francis W. Peabody, professor of medicine at Harvard, thought of his painful lot only as an education from which he might derive insight that would make him more of a man himself and that would have made him a greater benefactor of his fellows if perchance

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something like a miracle had happened and his life had been spared.

To learn the lessons that life would teach, to profit by them, to be made finer as a personality, to be made perfect by suffering — that is what it is to turn life into an experience of genuine value.

Self-pity breaks down the mind, poisons the soul, undermines the health of the body, prevents rightful relations with other people, and destroys the happiness both of the individual who permits it to take hold of him and of those who have to live with him. There is perhaps no more disintegrating emotion to be found in the whole roster.

Many a case that comes to a doctor in the guise of physical breakdown is primarily little more than a surrender of the spirit. In cases in which some specific malady is actually present, it can be the attitude of the spirit that keeps the malady dominant and makes it worse. That is why there is a mental aspect of medicine and why it is being increasingly recognized and included in the treatment of sickness.

It seems a bit surprising that it has taken the medical profession so long to realize that, when a man is sick, the *whole* man needs treatment. Not merely does his stomach or his circulatory system need attention, but also the part of him that thinks and feels and wills, that desires and schemes and makes efforts, that feels disappointment and resentment and humiliation.

Men and women are something more than physical and chemical organisms needing to be toned up or put in repair. They are even more than harassed strugglers needing help in the finding of jobs or the composition of family difficulties. They are personalities needing inward reconcilement to the conditions of life and outward adjustment to the particular situations that are fretting them. They are men and women in need of contact with some large-hearted and wise person — into whose ear they can pour the difficulties of the moment or the ancient and hidden and tormenting secrets of some painful past and from whom they can get help for the clarification of their minds and the correction and stimulation of their purposes. They may need medicine. But certainly they need insight and vision.

When Mr. Gaspen came to a certain medical center complaining of pains in his chest and back, nervousness, and insomnia, it was not medicine that he needed most. His primary need was to have touch with someone who would view his tears sympathetically, listen to his tale creatively, and encourage him to regard his misfortune constructively, as a call to learn new lessons and start forth for new achievements.

Mr. Gaspen had spent 26 years in building up a business, "and now," he said, "I suppose I'll be walking the street in about two weeks. We've tried to pull through, and pay dollar for dollar and go without, ourselves, but now we've come to the end. If I was sure I could get a job — ." His voice trailed off, and the tears again appeared. "But when a man has worked at one thing all his life and is fifty-three, he can't just fall into something. . . . That's all my trouble."

Mr. Gaspen decided that he would take the disaster as a challenge and would not let himself indulge in vain laments for what had been or vain wishes for what might have been. When he appeared again, two weeks later, to talk about plans he was making, there were no tears. He looked and felt better. He manifested a new courage. There was a spring in his step. He told of the new hope and grit and energy with which he was tackling his problem. And the very way he carried himself as he entered the consulting room gave evidence of the new spirit within him.

Emotional Catharsis

Very often the mere event of talking it out with a creative listener (to use Robert Haven Schauffler's ever suggestive phrase) helps the patient toward the light he needs, even though the person with whom he talks may say hardly a word in reply.

Then, when the consultant does make a comment, his different way of looking at the problem, his bit of insight, his guarded suggestion, his word of wisdom — these help the patient begin the self-healing that he must achieve if he is to get well; they help him, that is, to begin the correction of his troublemaking mental and emotional habits. He rises from the talk with an unburdened and relaxed mind. He rises, if he has really grasped the point, with a determination not to rebel, not to let himself feel resentment, but to learn from his experience all that it is possible to learn and to go

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forth to bring some kind of good fortune out of what has seemed like bad fortune. The psychoneuroses that cause so much physical and mental suffering arise largely because people insist on trying to adjust life to themselves instead of making it their business to adjust themselves to life.

If painful symptoms can be produced by a faulty mental and emotional reaction to life, then by a constructive attitude of mind and a wholesome emotional habit can they be made to disappear.

"I have stopped worrying," said a Russian Jewish woman one day. "When the pain comes I say: 'What's the matter? I'm all right.' And then I keep on working, and the pain goes. I have stopped talking about my troubles and talk about other things. I will leave it to time and I won't worry. If I have to struggle, I'll struggle."

She had come to the medical center with pains all over her body and with her mind tortured by fear in consequence. The examination had assured her that there was no organic trouble. When she was led to see the connection between her husband's loss of his good business, his inadequate income from the work he could pick up, the older boy's inability to get a job, her intense disappointment because of all this, and the hurt to her ambitions and her pride which the misfortune entailed — when she was led to see the connection between these things and the pains she had developed and was instructed to take the misfortune as a challenge and not as a defeat, she decided that she could stand life after all.

You say reactions of the kind which that woman had are quite natural. That is true. But they are not inevitable. They can be changed. Better, more courageous, and more hopeful reactions can be cultivated. When that particular woman began to change her reactions and improve the pattern of them, she felt the good effect physically as well as emotionally.

Emotional Habits

The mental and emotional reactions in which people indulge are to a great extent matters of imitation. People think thus and so and feel thus and so because they have found that other prople think and feel in that way.

Be personal about it. Have you ever considered how many of your reactions take place because you have learned that kind of reaction as a habit — and perhaps learned it in the first place by imitation?

A child sees his mother shudder and complain of palpitation of the heart at the sight of a small garden snake; he copies her, and reacts in the same way. Later in life he sees someone look at the little creature with kindly curiosity and hears him talk about its habits with humane interest; so now he changes his habit of reaction and ceases to tremble when he sees a snake.

Among certain groups of people a funeral service is characterized by quietness and calmness and restraint; among others it is an occasion for hysterical sobbing, and perhaps someone is carried fainting from the room. In both cases the conduct is to a large extent the result of imitation.

People do what they have seen others do. They do what they think they are expected to do.

A boy has a father of the irascible type, who likes to put shopkeepers and car conductors and other people where they belong. Where they belong, that is, from his egoistic point of view. The boy grows up doing the same thing. He does it by imitation. Not until he begins in later life to think for himself does he learn to react in a more wholesome way.

Another boy grows up in an atmosphere of

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pugnacity. He gets the habit of thinking there is no way to get through the world except by fighting, and his fists are always ready to clench for another bit of self-assertion. Finally he begins to go to pieces nervously; he can't do his work; and, though he is a great husky fellow, he runs to doctors to be cured of the pain and weakness that have taken hold of him. He thinks life has treated him badly. But life has treated him well, not ill, if his physical and nervous breakdown teaches him that it is better to approach his fellows as probable friends than as probable enemies.

The habit of looking for all the good that can be found can be cultivated no less than the habit of looking for unpleasantness, and it is a much better habit to build up. The person who always has a chip on his shoulder finds the world with a chip on its shoulder also; the man who approaches life in an amicable way finds that life offers him many good turns and pleasant surprises.

Keeping Your Balance

The human personality needs something that corresponds to the balance wheel of a watch.

When my watch, not long ago, suddenly began to gain eight minutes a day and refused to slow down even though I moved the regulator radically, I took it to a repair man.

He put his little squint-glass up to his eye and peered inside. Then he said, "Look here!" and told me to notice some minute bits of extraneous matter that had got caught in the hairspring. "Your watch will gain about eight minutes a day," he said, seeing precisely what effect the entanglement would have, though I had not made any reference to the aberration of eight minutes.

Things in my watch were working at cross-purposes. The balance wheel was trying to make the watch keep good time; the hairspring was throwing it out.

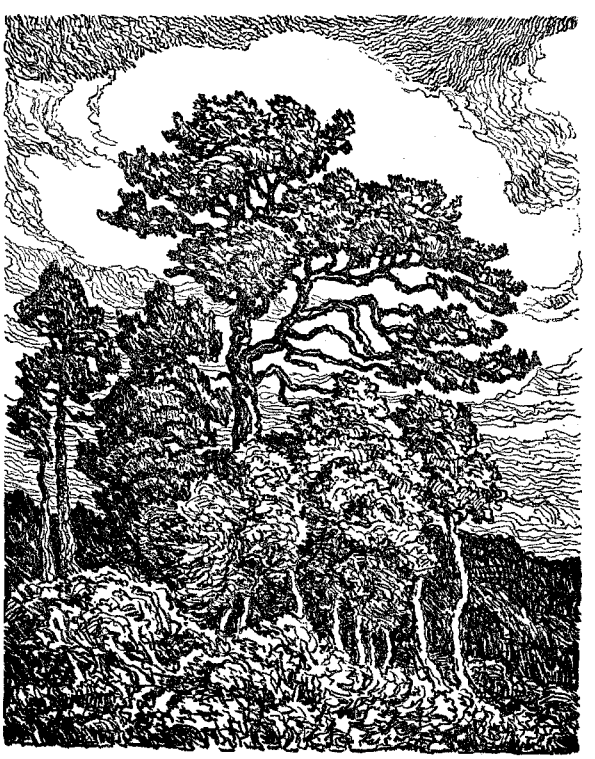
Enlightened judgment is the balance wheel that leads the human personality to work harmoniously. If something that is harmful gets tangled up with the mental and emotional springs of life, the balance wheel of judgment is unsettled, and disaster results.

A nervous breakdown is the outward sign of an inward embranglement. Each one of us must learn to make his instincts and his ideals work together for ends that will really satisfy. Satisfaction can never come while there is conflict within. The whole man must be brought into harmony — and that on the highest plane that can be reached. If the thoughts and desires and efforts of the subconscious mind are working at cross-purposes with the thoughts and desires and efforts of the conscious mind, pain and disaster must result — pain and disaster in the mind and the spirit and, very likely, also in the body.

Weak nerves is commonly a misnomer. There can be such a thing as organic disorder of the nervous system, but, as the term *weak nerves* is ordinarily used, it is a mistaken idea of what is going on. The tiny threads that act as electric wires of communication throughout your body do not condemn you to be a neurotic all your life. The person who has a nervous breakdown is one who thinks that, if the world were as it should be and life went as it ought to go, events would come out in accordance with his personal ideas. Such an individual then maintains himself in a state of rebellion because this is not the case.

Not long ago a worker at a psychological clinic studied a woman who is having a hard struggle to keep herself in physical and nervous health, and this is what he found:

She is dominating, headstrong, ambitious, intolerant, masculine, and very sharp of



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tongue, while at the same time she longs to be cared for and wants to be coddled like a soft, helpless female. She presses her husband to purchase a car and to run it, when his instincts are against such a venture. She drives him to drink by her nagging and then suffers tortures because of his drinking. She has never adjusted herself to her husband's temperament nor ever learned the lessons of self-renunciation and adaptation that life is trying to teach her, if she would learn.

Look at yourself and make such an analysis. You find that the ways you have developed are not producing good results. Then why not change your ways? Why not make yourself into a different sort of person?

Trial by Fire

What is it that all of us are trying to do? We are trying to discover the real values of life and to lay hold on them. A moment's thought, however, will make it plain that what a great many people reach out after most of the time and lay hold on and what all of us reach out after some of the time and try to lay hold on are deceptive and false values. To become educated is, in the deeper and truer sense, to learn how to make a right estimate of values and to get the habit of reaching out after the values that have abiding worth and give real satisfaction as the final result.

The major disaster into which a person can fall is that of missing the education that life might give.

That, obviously, does not refer to the formal education of the schools, which may be of great value and may not be of great value. The reference is to that deeper education which teaches a man how to live so as to make the most and best of his life and of his personality.

Such education almost invariably entails pain, either physical or mental or both. Pure gold is not obtained and made serviceable until the original ore or the chance nugget has passed through the fire. A diamond is only a rough crystal when found in the earth. It is made into a brilliant by being cut, rubbed, and polished and by having as much as 60 per cent of its original bulk cut away in order that multiple facets may be created for catching the light and throwing it back in gleams of darting fire. And it is by processes that hurt that a human personality is changed from its original crudity into a thing of beauty and delight and value beyond reckoning.

The teaching of life, then, is that a man must yield himself to the blows and grindings and rubbings, the crushings and burnings and moldings that life inflicts, so that he may come at last to all the significance and worth that his special endowment makes possible.

Life is not good to us when it lets events come out precisely as we wish them to and gives us no opposition to face, no denial to encounter. Life is good to us when it puts us in the fire as gold is put in the fire — and cuts and rubs and polishes us as diamonds are cut and rubbed and polished in order to bring out their potential beauty and value. Just as William James insisted on the necessity of the "will to believe," so is it necessary that every one of us should have in him the will to learn, the will to change, the will to love, the will to make adjustment, the will to live courageously, the will to aim for the best, the will to persevere until a goal is reached from which lasting satisfaction will come.

A woman came to a clinic because she felt ill. She was so weak that she couldn't do her housework and couldn't sit up all day. She thought she had a cancer. The doctors could find no sign of cancer or of other organic trouble. As she talked with the psychological worker, the real trouble came out.

When she was a girl of seventeen and utterly ignorant with regard to her own body, a man had coaxed her into sexual relations, and a child had been born. After two years the man reappeared, and once more she became pregnant. The first time she had been uninformed; this time she knew what the result might be. Her mother turned her out of the house. Her sister had her arrested — though later she mortgaged her property in order to get bail for the young girl's release. The girl did not desert her babies but clung to them and loved them, and when a fine man who understood the whole situation wished to marry her she at last consented. It was a happy marriage.

But, as years went on and the girls were approaching adulthood, their mother began to brood over the fact that they did not know the truth about their origin. If they should find out by accident — by the talebearing of someone who had known their mother years before —

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what would be the result? Perhaps they would turn against her and hate her. Perhaps they would leave home and have nothing to do with her. She was torn between the choice, on the one hand, of letting matters drift, with dread of what might happen if the secret should come out, and, on the other hand, of telling them and the fear of what might happen then. "I've cried about it for years," said the woman. "It's eating me up inside!" she said.

She was advised to tell the whole story to the girls, but she turned away in uncertainty, and months went by, months in which neither her emotional nor her physical condition improved. Then at last she came back with a new light in her face and a new vigor in her body. "I've just told the girls," she said; "I told them last week. They took it all right. They feel that they will be *more* fond of my husband now that they know all he's done for them in spite of not being their father. It's a great load off my mind." Then she told of the effect on herself. As soon as she had relieved herself of the mental and emotional distress that had been torturing her for years, she felt as though she had been made into a new person. She got up and did the housework with energy. The whole world was a different place.

If life had stood still for this woman at any previous time — if it had stood still for her even when she had made a partial adjustment and had acquired a relative happiness — it would not have treated her well. But life made her suffer. And that suffering was good treatment because it led her on to the unfettering and clarifying and enlarging of her mind and spirit at last.

So is it with all of us. If life went smoothly and we did not have to meet with any blows, bumps, checks, kicks, cuts, retaliations, slights, sneers, censures, criticisms, accusations, denunciations — if we had no opposition and met with no people with whom it was hard to get along — if we had our own way and everyone bowed before us — if life never brought us any bodily pain — if life never led us to any spiritual pain, any regret, any sorrow, any humiliation, any repentance — if there were no suffering as a result of faulty ambitions and bad choices — that would be hell. We should be left with the imperfection and immaturity and mediocrity of our nature; there would be no progress: and the place where there is no progress is hell.

The Ultimate Goal

When life will not let you settle down and rest but drives you on into more hard experience, more adventure, and more of the refining that discipline can bring, it is giving you a chance to develop into a somebody, a personality.

The real values of life are not born in us. They are the result of education. And education is discipline. Until the discipline of life works its educative results, no man is anything but a potentiality. It is like a face. A face is only a potentiality until it has acquired character and maturity and the light of intelligence and the beauty of a spiritual light that shines through. A face that stops with mere prettiness can be positively repugnant. When the prettiness is empty, silly, inane and has nothing to tell of a real mind and soul back of it, it is sometimes actually painful to look at. But a face which is the plainest of the plain, lined and seamed and scarred, the features all defective in themselves, may give the greatest delight in the world. It can do so when the education of life has been permitted to bring out in it the marks of a mind and heart and soul, the marks of courage and aspiration and the habit of associating with God — the marks of a spirit that is alive.

The value of life is not in just being alive. It is in developing, growing, enlarging the mind, training the emotions, cultivating the appreciations, producing a personality, developing a soul, making one's existence productive, lifting oneself up into something of positive value. To accomplish such results a man must yield himself with co-operative desire to the discipline of life and make it his business to learn every lesson that can be learned.

Beginning in February:
"Problems in Living," a monthly department,
conducted by William Moulton Marston

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Migs

America's Shantytown on Wheels

by **CARLETON BEALS**

THE WOODEN PANEL on which the above was stenciled no longer encased an ice-making machine; it swung as a door on a shack of flattened oil tins, burlap, cardboard, and rags in the vast Hooverville jungle of Bakersfield, California. Before this improvised door and the tilted rusty smokestack poking above it, was a small bed of onions, withering in the terrific April heat of the inland San Joaquin Valley.

On a small box in the scant shade of a cottonwood tree sat a tow-haired girl of about eighteen, patching a pair of overalls, faded almost white from an incredible number of washings. Her round curves and silken corn-tassel hair made her seem fresh, but a lean hardness chiseled her face; she wore a loose, tattered calico dress and torn sneakers without stockings. At her feet, playing with an iron bolt, was one of her babies, tow-headed like herself, seemingly fat, but yellow and stinking with dysentery and covered with flies.

She and her family were fairly typical of several hundred others in this foul slough which stands on Bakersfield's main street, across from the trim lawns of the Chamber of Commerce building. And the Bakersfield jungle is typical of dozens of such places stretching across the land, particularly from the vast shambles in Oklahoma City out by the pig dump to Los Angeles, El Indio, Nipomo, Holtville, Calapatria, El Centro, Brawley — to name but a few of those I personally have visited.

Out through the cotton fields, pea fields, vineyards, and orchards of New Mexico, Arizona, California, Idaho, Oregon, and other States, one encounters transient labor camps a step above the Hooverville jungles but almost equally deplorable with regard to health and broken lives.

One can easily imagine these haphazard camps: rows of tents, trailers, shacks, lean-tos, side-by-side close, with perhaps a single faucet for several hundred families, with half a dozen privies usually set in the very center of the camp. Imagine the lack of privacy, the misery of rain and sickness. It had been raining for two weeks when I visited the camps around Pima, Oceano, and Nipomo; the tents were literally swimming in mud.

The most atrocious camps are those on the fringes of the large cities. In the countryside are camp sites provided by the large ranchers — available, of course, only during picking season. These are perhaps the best. Elsewhere camps are provided by farm agents and labor contractors.

The contractor camps, though the contractor must be licensed and must provide running water and a certain number of privies, are usually inferior to those provided on the ranches, and there is more exploitation. The contractors carry their workers over a few weeks until picking time. The goods are charged at double their proper value. The contractor also gets a cut on wages, usually about twenty per cent. He is, in a way, often a sort of labor "dick" for he guarantees the growers not only an adequate supply of labor but a group of

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workers tagged with the nonstrike guarantee. There are always more workers in the camp than are necessary in the fields — last year nearly two men for every job — and the contractor parcels out the work to those who show the most submissive deference.

Many colonies, however, are made up of roadside squatters. These impromptu camps are, of course, the very worst. Usually they have no sanitation whatsoever. One such had no water supply; the people used ditchwater. Another camp was dependent on water from a filling station, at five cents a bucket. Most are badly situated. One was on the edge of a malarial marsh.

The dwellers in these places are the Migs, as they call themselves — migratory workers. They are part of the debris of the depression and are living symbols particularly of the drought disaster in the Midwest. They are the "rubber tramps."

II

LATELY I have been buzzing up and down the highways of the West, along the coast, through the San Joaquin, along the Salton Sea, through the citrus-fruit region, in and out of the Imperial Valley; and wherever I went, by main route 50 or 80 or 90 or the dustier side roads, I encountered these people in motion. They travel along in old hooded wagons, with bony nags, or in old rattly cars, sometimes with elaborate homemade trailers, or in light trucks. Each vehicle is stacked high with dirty bedding, cots, bedsprings, tents, an iron stove. On the running board may be seen a battered trunk, a galvanized tub, perhaps a dog or an accordion. Each vehicle is crowded with children, grandfolks, aunts, cousins, neighbors. They all set a great store by kinsfolk.

In southern Arizona, I met a young Oklahoma farmer in a 1928 runabout, with his young wife and five children covered with sores, all their belongings stacked mountainously on fenders, running board, and hood. He was bargaining an old shotgun for drained motor oil and gas to get a little farther.

One such family I saw by the side of the road in the burning desert beyond Blythe. The woman was feeding her six children with flour gruel, made by scorching the flour in a pan and mixing it with water and a little grease. This and a dried prune apiece constituted their meal — all the food they had left. They were patiently waiting until the father should return. He had walked ten miles into town with a spare tire to try and trade it for some gas. The remarkable thing was that this woman did not feel set upon or hopeless. The Lord, she said, would help them; if He didn't, it was because in His wisdom He saw best to do otherwise.

Etta Pitchford, age 39, was one the Lord did not aid. She came to a tragic end in Carlsbad, New Mexico. Driven out of Antlers, Oklahoma, by the economic collapse of that region, though suffering from t.b., she gathered her three children together and got as far as New Mexico. There the last of her savings disappeared. She could not get on relief because she lacked the proper residence and she was too proud to beg — few of these people will ever beg. At last, in desperation, she gathered weeds and boiled them. As a result, she, Hanley Marion, aged 10, and Eliza, aged 8, were poisoned and died. Ova Belle, aged 12, survived.

A storekeeper of Oceano, California, told me of another woman and two babies whom he found starved to death on the sand dunes.

Though many a tragedy is locked in the mystery of this strange twentieth-century migration of folk, it is surprising on the whole to observe their unfailing optimism, religious faith, and spirit of mutual aid. There is plenty of trouble, jealousy, and slander, as is inevitable in the crowded quarters of the camps, but on the whole the spirit of co-operation is far greater. Mostly is it share and share alike.

The newcomers are ineligible for relief, but I was in the San Luis Obispo relief agency when a special federal order was being carried out to distribute a few dollars per head during the lean week prior to the beginning of the pea harvest.

"Did you get everybody?" the head of the agency asked.

"Just about," said the field worker. "But, if I missed one or two, it won't make much difference. The funds will all be evenly distributed. They always divvy up on everything anyway."

III

THIS VAST MIGRATION is an economic shift of great importance to the country, of large significance for the future. It is as dra-

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matic in its way as the trek of Bedouins out of the Arabian desert upon the garden towns to the north, as described so vividly by Lawrence in his *Seven Pillars*, or some great movement of peoples out of central Asia. For it is a migration that has not ceased; if anything, despite

any return of prosperity to the country at large, it will likely be further augmented.

For though drought and depression are immediately responsible, peculiar agricultural conditions in the Middle West and the Pacific States, among other places, point to the probability that these Migs are to become a permanent phenomenon of American life. They are apt to increase rather than decrease in numbers. They form a group already recognizable, with peculiar mores and, despite their low economic level and apparently hit-or-miss life, with rigid standards — moral, social, and otherwise. Among them is developing a distinctive lingo and folklore. In short, the Migs are in process of becoming America's permanent gypsies.

About a fifth of them are Okies, i.e., from Oklahoma; three fifths of them are from the drought States of Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Missouri; 80 per cent all told are from drought areas. A small fraction is made up of traditional migratory workers from Western and Southern States; a still smaller fraction is drawn from the industrial centers of the Middle West, the East, and New England; and a still smaller fraction of them comes from the share-cropper States of the South unaffected by drought.

Most of them, a few years ago, were share croppers, tenant farmers, or independent ranchers. Most are men traditionally close to the soil, who turn instinctively to the soil, who are unhappy away from the soil, and who are quite unfit for industrial activities even could industry absorb them. There is even less prospect of agriculture's reabsorbing them on a settled basis; and the most extravagant plans of the resettlement program, even before it was whittled down to fragmentary welfare work, could scarcely have solved their problem. And so they bid fair to become a permanent gypsy class, for, as gypsies, there is a definite niche for them in the Western American agrarian and economic scheme. Peculiarly enough, their disasters came at precisely the moment when more than ever there was a need for them in the migratory role which they were obliged to assume. And as roving gypsies their condition in certain instances has improved since the worst days of the depression.

Dr. Paul Taylor of the University of California has made a detailed study of the migration statistics for that State. These Migs had been arriving in a growing stream all through the period of the depression. The number of those in the Mig class who arrived by motor vehicle — excluding those who arrived afoot, by bus, or by train — totaled for the twelve months ending June 15, 1936, 71,047. It is estimated that more than 150,000 Migs have become permanent denizens of California alone, without fixed address, mostly a roving horde.

As one camp denizen told me, with a proud laugh, "Oklahoma has captured California without firing a shot."

One can call these folks indigents, paupers, tramps — all the ugly terms which have been applied to them by the smug newspapers of California and elsewhere. But it is fair to remember that the American frontier was settled originally by folk who came West with even fewer resources than these latter-day emigrants — except that in the earlier days a gun secured food and the present folk have no such chance at nature, which has all been fenced in, less chance in fact than a Central American Indian. And they find no homesteads to clear at the end of the trail, no chance to build themselves up into comfortable citizens.

Such emigration has made the whole history of the United States what it is. Settlers have cleared the land, put in crops, built homes. When the land petered out, they moved west to new land. And so, in recurring waves, the frontier was settled. Of such emigrations, one

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can recall, for instance, the famous Mormon pushcart brigade, that strange expedition of folk who crossed pristine wilderness through northern snows, pushing their scant belongings ahead of them in carts. They, too, were in rags and tatters, and far more of them left their bones by the roadside than during the present migration.

IV

THERE IS also something of a definite frontier slant to these later day migrants. Like their predecessors, they are abandoning untillable lands but now they find no frontier waiting their industry. They arrive in the midst of a highly developed industrialized agricultural system. But they have the appearance of romance novels or screen versions of another age.

In the Oklahoman there is often something of the Hoosier; frequently one sees the ungainly Abraham Lincoln shape to the bodies, the same long hips and loose legs. Usually the Oklahomans have short torsos and hard, bony faces, with tight-creased lips in bitter half-moon curve; small, deep-set, boring eyes, pale, almost colorless; short, thin noses — a pushed-together, economical sort of face that seems to lift toward the sky looking for rain. The Texans have heavier bodies and legs, are thick of jowl, have fatter, open lips, as though about to drawl, a half-adenoidal expression — big men with simple, babyish faces.

One gets to know the regional types. From parts of Texas come women with pioneer pink sunbonnets, drum-shaped, sewn with flexible cardboard stuffing that gives the appearance of staves, loose cloth flaps down the cheeks, and pooched with cloth at the back of the head. The men wear short leather jackets, big-brimmed felt hats, short boots with forward-slanting high heels.

Above all, they are a religious folk. This, too, is in the tradition of American migrations. The Atlantic seaboard was settled by folk who brought with them a stern, ever righteous God. The Mormons led another migration. The Moravians spread through Pennsylvania and Ohio. One still finds, scattered through the Middle West, old religious land colonies, with quaint communal customs.

The bulk of the present Migs are Pentecostals — the Church of the True Gospel. Their horrible camps are named The Angel, The Burning Bush, The One God, The Crusaders. The Pentecostal folk are a combination of Shakers, Holy Rollers, and Hard-Shell Baptists, and their emotional orgies put an extravagant negro sect in the shade.

The Pentecostal pastors circulate among the labor camps in Packard automobiles daubed with the words *Jesus Is Here*. Few of the harvest communities, despite their shifting population, are now without a small Pentecostal church. Weedpatch, Nipomo, Brawley, Holtville harbor such churches. Elsewhere the itinerant pastor, the Moses of the migration, sets up a large brown tent which serves as a temple.

Interesting is the camp of Reverend Baylie Dudd. He, too, is obviously Oklahoman, except that he turned out shorter of leg, plumper of body, but with the same small, bony features topped with a big mass of blond hair. His hands, too, are big and bony. He leased a patch of ground near Bakersfield and rented out camp space at $3 a month. All the camp members, in addition, pay him tithes. The religion provides for frequent fasts, and in the hot harvest fields, where the temperature often reaches 110, the folk of his and other congregations will be found laboring in spite of carrying on an absolute fast for two, three, or even more days. In part this is unconsciously making holiness out of a necessity, for they cannot at the same time pay the tithes and have enough to eat.

The Pentecostals also quite conveniently leave everything to God, even health. Mostly they scorn the services of the nurses provided by charitable organizations and the relief administration. When a typhoid epidemic was

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in the offing, only seven out of Reverend Dudd's entire camp would submit to vaccination. The health authorities have tried in vain to segregate mothers with t.b. Soon all the numerous progeny are stricken with it. Their beliefs have little to do with modern science; but on the other hand they are rigidly moral. Though the Pentecostal music is sadistic and oversexual and their religious orgies in great part represent a form of sex sublimation and excitation, dancing is for them of the very devil. Any violation of the sexual code, if discovered, would likely result in an instantaneous hanging.

V

THE MIGS REPRESENT the first crumblings from the drought and share-cropper areas. But if those two factors, drought and depression, created the immediate necessity to migrate, the makings of the exodus were under way long before.

Recent agricultural studies reveal that, for certain parts of the South and New England, decline in soil fertility began before the Civil War, in a still larger area as early as 1888, still more in the 'nineties, and that a definite decline set in everywhere except in the Far West around 1920–24. This tendency was concealed by the War and post-War inflation, which forced many submarginal lands into temporary use, but it was already an inexorable process over fifteen years ago. This partly accounted for earlier migrations from Virginia, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee into Oklahoma, Texas, and Kansas.

This decline in soil fertility was due to unscientific farming, natural depletion, erosion, and the plantation system. The decline was paralleled by an increasing disappearance of the independent small farmers. More and more, from 1920 on, the small rancher and little rural homeowner saw his possessions passing under the hammer, drifting into the hands of the banks, the large landowner. Thus, not only did the free farmer become a cropper, but simultaneously he had to battle declining crop returns and give a greater part of his yield to those who now owned the soil.

Thus the drought and the depression merely accentuated a situation growing acute, which was in process before either of these two additional disasters appeared and which will be little remedied by a return of general industrial prosperity. In fact the ranks of the Migs are likely to be added to; more folk must leave the Middle West, and from the South at least 2,000,000 folk are apt to be uprooted unless the plantation system is modified or a new cash crop is found to substitute for cotton.

This appearance of the American rubber gypsy coincided with an economic situation in California and periphery Western States which made the Mig the proper answer to the agricultural system devised there and which now tends to make him a permanent if not particularly happy American institution.

In California, improved land reached its maximum acreage back in 1889. Since then, the area cultivated has been declining. However, of this improved land, the proportion under artificial irrigation has steadily increased. California has gradually abandoned dry farming and extensive crops to grow intensive crops. In its day, the central valley of California was the principal wheat granary of the world. The blight of rust, the discovery of new hard varieties for colder climates, and other factors forced a shift to other grains, finally to intensive irrigated crops supporting a larger population through greater productivity. Whereas intensive crops (at first grapes and fruits, later hops, sugar beets, cotton, truck gardening) had in 1869 provided but 6.6 per cent of the value of California farm products, by 1929 they provided 80 per cent and were worth nearly $400,000,000. This shift meant that, while in 1860 less than 40,000 persons were gainfully employed in California agriculture, by 1930, 332,024 were so employed. But, what is more important sociologically, California has a larger percentage of farm laborers among those engaged in agriculture than any other State in the Union. California agriculture is run on a large-scale industrialized pattern.

Of large-scale farms, i.e., those having an annual product worth $30,000 or more, California has 36.7 per cent of the total of such farms for the entire United States. Compare this with Mississippi, usually considered a large plantation State, which has only 0.4 per cent of such large farms. Even in cotton, Mississippi's greatest product, California has 133 large-scale estates as compared to only 29 in Mississippi. Within the borders of California in 1930 were 40 per cent of the nation's large-

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scale dairy farms, 44 per cent of the large-scale general farms, 52 per cent of the large-scale poultry estates, 60 per cent of the large-scale truck farms and fruit farms. Thus, with the possible exception of the Soviet Union and the American tropics, California represents the maximum development of large-scale industrialized agriculture in the world today.

VI

RECENTLY I visited the federal labor camp near Weedpatch, south of Bakersfield, where some slight effort has been made to provide a handful of Okies and Migs with sanitary conveniences. I had driven there up over the Coast Range, through one of the most beautiful valleys I had seen anywhere in California, and saw in that rich, ample, and fertile corner only one human residence — a gas station. I was traversing part of the vast Miller estate of the Kern County Land Company, over 400,000 acres. This was just northwest of the federal labor camp. Look at the map of California and you will see in that part a great stretch almost unmarked by towns or public roads. It is part of this estate. Above the Miller estate stretches the great Lux estate. Below it stretches the big Hoover ranch. All about the federal camp are the broad acres of Di Giorgio, subsidiary of the great fruit company in the Salinas Valley, where last year in the lettuce fields strikers were murdered, and terror reigned. And south of the camp, stretching as far as the eye can reach to the far mountains, are the broad acres of the Chandler estate.

The head of the labor camp told me that, even if a man should come into the region with $1,000 in his pocket to buy a modest five acres, he would have difficulty obtaining it. The federal authorities found real difficulty in locating ground they could lease for their camp, and were fought every inch of the way in their efforts to help out the Migs.

This large-scale industrial agriculture requires a large rural proletariat — at harvest season. It has little need for labor the rest of the year. Hence it needs a floating population.

Originally this seasonal labor supply was largely furnished by Mexicans, Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos, in later years particularly by Mexicans. Stricter immigration regulations in 1929 limited the supply of such aliens. The depression here and improving conditions in Mexico caused the return of large numbers to the homeland. A depleted labor supply enabled the remaining Mexicans to organize, and several bitter labor struggles ensued.

Now the Migs and Okies have made their triumphal way into the California agrarian system, in part by undercutting the previous wage levels of Japs, Mex, and Filipinos.

Though California agriculture needs the Migs, a great hullabaloo has been raised against them both in and out of the State. The cities which must bear the relief burden during the off season naturally are wrathful. Los Angeles County arrogantly posted policemen outside its own borders at the State line to stop the influx. Imperial County also took a hand at stopping the Migs at the State line, but, when an unusually large harvest in the county and a short season made additional hands suddenly necessary, the big growers did not hesitate to rush agent contractors to bring in large additional cavalcades from Arizona.

In short, California really wants the Migs when the crops are ready to harvest, and she wishes they were in Timbuktu the rest of the year, for then they can only drift into the cities or into roadside slums, menacing public health, while they starve through to the next crop or through a year until they become eligible for relief. Relief is not so much a subsidy to the Migs as it is to the big growers, but this is not recognized. In the work season, therefore, the Migs are hailed gladly; in the off season, they are railroaded from county to county, jailed for vagrancy, and otherwise molested.

But, whatever the contretemps of their lives, they represent a dramatic population shift, they are part and parcel of a new economic development in the Far West. The only life they can lead is a gypsy life. They are the new American gypsies on wheels, following the crops from the early harvest in hot Imperial Valley, on up the coast to the pea harvest, over into San Joaquin for the grape harvest, finally the cotton picking. They have no homes; their children attend half a dozen or more schools during the year. Each year they become more definitely a group with cultural frontiers, less adaptable to any other kind of life. Most of them would no longer have any success as settlers. Once they were farmers; now they are nomads. They are agriculturists without roots in the soil whose wealth they garner.

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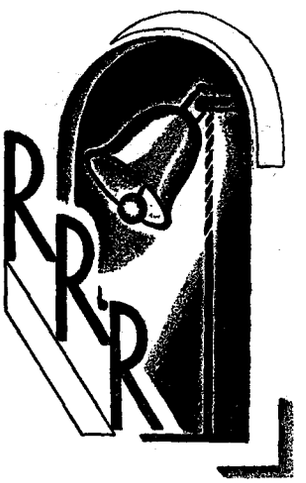
A Young Man's Darling

by **EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON**

THE ADAGE that has to do with the desirability of becoming an old man's darling rather than a young man's slave must take its place categorically among those sayings that are born of masculine concepts and not reality. It was undoubtedly invented by some doddering old gentleman who, stricken in years like King David, hoped to be revived by a fair damsel, Shulamite or Philistine. Whatever doubtful advantage is to be derived from the union of masculine age and feminine youth can't be entered on the darling's ledger.



I married a man eight years my senior. Though I shouldn't be willing to trade him for a more recent model, I find myself wishing now and then that our chronological status were reversed. If I were eight years older than he, I know I could manage to keep young and do it joyously; while he isn't even trying to be anything but a man of his age. I am convinced, moreover, that when a man is considerably older than his wife — say, fifteen or twenty years, not eight — the marriage results in unhappiness for the parties of both parts. If there is any disparity at all in ages, the husband should be the younger.

Of course, I am developing a thesis that could not have been proved in the era when adages were made. Two generations ago women broke young. Now men do the breaking. Both my grandfathers killed off two wives and married youthful thirds, who managed to survive them. In those days women had babies every year or two, while the manly medical profession paid little attention to anything so feminine and unimportant as childbirth. Accordingly, nature took its tragic course. Walk through any old graveyard and count the wives buried beside the patriarchs and you will be sure that times have changed. Women (whose work was never done) passed early to their heavenly rewards, and their husbands "gat heat" from young damsels. Today there are in the world more old women than old men, playing contract bridge, running around to meetings, or supporting gigolos.

Now, with the help of artificial aids and a new point of view, women look younger than their masculine contemporaries. Most of my friends are between 40 and 50. The women aren't even "settled" in tastes, in attitudes, or in figures; and most of the men are pot-bellied, bald or gray, fixed in mental ruts, and content in the evenings to snore behind newspapers.

Apparently, there is not much a man can do to improve his looks. Of course, he might keep down the frontal bulge. He claims, however, to have time for nothing more strenuous than golf; and, unfortunately, figures aren't kept trim by strolls across fields and long pauses at the nineteenth hole. Then, too, he is far too certain of his charms to put forth the effort required to perpetuate them. His hair, when it tends to turn gray or to disappear, presents an insurmountable difficulty. It can be neither dyed effectively nor retained when it begins to lose the color of its youth or to vanish. And whoever saw a toupee that was not either ridiculous or grotesque?

The woman of 45, however, can fight a winning game against the ravages of time. If she has any sense at all, she will not allow herself to become fat — not so long as she makes use of all the available information concerning diets and calories and exercises and is able to resist her appetite in certain fields. I verily

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believe that we are now producing fewer fat women than lived in any other era.

A woman need not remain as God made her. While men's clothes can scarcely be called flattering, a woman's can change her from a frump into a fashion plate. If flesh can't be lost from all parts of the body, it can be so successfully misplaced as never to be found by an outsider. The right sort of foundation garments can bring about slender hips and a youthful uplift. A woman can create personality through color schemes and add to her allure by well-chosen perfumes. If her hair wasn't once black or dark brown, it can be "touched" effectively; and, if it must be allowed to turn, she can become a ravishing platinum blonde. There are coiffures that lessen the effect of features that are bad and accent those that are good. Today some wigs are so natural and lovely as to deceive even tonsorial experts. (I assume they can be worn at night by old-fashioned wives who can't sleep alone and like it.) A woman is able to hide a multitude of lines by the use of creams and an artistic make-up.

A man, however, is put to it to improve the raw material that went into the making of him. So he gives up and looks his age — or more.

Another Double Standard

Women not only look younger than men of their age but *are* younger by all the tests that mean anything. Lloyd Jones's investigations showed the specific gravity of blood higher in old women than in old men — which means, of course, that old women are "younger" than old men. The life expectancy of women past middle age is longer than that of men. So the insurance companies are not guilty of a discrimination when they charge women more for annuities than they charge men.

Since an active mind keeps the body young, it is fair to conclude that this physical superiority of women often has a mental basis. More women than men are voracious readers and listen to addresses on subjects that are stimulatingly controversial. If you doubt the truth of that statement, stand for half a day near the dispensing desk at any public library, count the borrowers, nd take a look at the sort of books women are taking home. Then go to the open forum that your city provides for the inquiring among its citizens and note how many more women than men are in the audience. No matter how little brainwork the average businessman is called on to do during the day, he is far too weary at night to tax his mind with ideas that are unrelated to his money-making program. So he nods over the newspaper or drinks himself into a pleasant but ephemeral state of forgetfulness. Therefore, in order to be suitably mated, he should be married to a woman older than he, who has learned tolerance and patience. (I am writing of average men, mind you, and not of the delightful exceptions without which women's lives would be drab indeed.)

Yet, no matter how old they look or behave, men still have two measuring rods for age — one applicable to women and the other to themselves. This is an irrational masculine habit there is no use trying to explain. Two new stories that appeared simultaneously in a daily paper illustrate the operation of this double standard. One was headed *Aged Woman Hit by Automobile;* the other referred to a college president as a "youthful educator." The woman was 48, the educator 44. Now really!

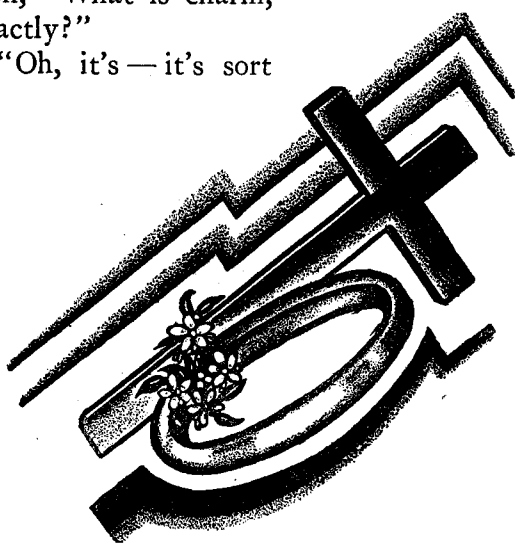
What a man believes, he holds to be both true and self-evident. Therefore, those who have not experienced the advantages accruing from marriage to older women ignorantly express sympathy, instead of envy, for their more fortunate brothers.

Ageless Charm

Charm is a quality that endures. Though it eludes accurate definition, J. M. Barrie, in *What Every Woman Knows*, describes it prettily.

Maggie, you recall, replies to Alick's question, "What is charm, exactly?"

"Oh, it's — it's sort



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of bloom on a woman," she says. "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it it doesn't matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none."

At any rate, charm, once possessed, seldom slips away from its owner. Sarah Bernhardt, lacking a leg, very old, and no longer slim, was a charming Camille, whom it did not seem incongruous that a youthful Armand should love.

George Eliot was 61 when the young Cross married her. If you doubt the quality of his love, read the biography of his wife that he gave to the world after the novelist's death.

Ever since Oedipus fell in love with his mother, Epicaste, and perhaps prior to that remote day, men have found older women alluring. You have heard the story, no doubt, of the well-known American educator who married a woman twenty years his senior. The lovely lady was adored not only by her husband but by the students who flocked to her salon and hung on her words.

And Robert Browning was speaking of a wife six years older than he when he wrote that elegy ending with the triumphant words —

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

But I can come closer home for my illustrations. I have a friend whose husband is twenty years younger than she. To be quite exact, he is 45, and she is 65. Never would you want to see a more sprightly, happy, and delightful lady. She is as nimble as a gazelle and as pert and saucy and animated as women are made, ready to take trips at a moment's notice, to dance all night at the mere hint that her husband would like to accept an invitation. If she "feels" her age, she laughs it off merrily.

Another woman of my acquaintance is said by knowing friends to be 70 and ten years older than her husband. Long ago, people used to pity him, anticipating, of course, the time when he would have a haggard old woman on his hands. Now they contrast his graying hair with the smooth undulations of her Titian head, the furrows in his cheeks with the unlined contour of her face, and his sagging body with the youthful figure that steps beside him.

The third woman is 40, and her husband is 35. She is one of those rarely intellectual people who never grow old, for the tentacles of her mind are always reaching out for new ideas. The necessity of playing around with the vapid young wives of her husband's friends presents her greatest difficulty. But this situation is not produced by disparity in ages. Friends of my own older husband are married to women whose brains and interests have not improved with the years.

Since keeping young and alert, though requiring the expenditure of considerable effort, is advantageous to a woman, no matter to whom she is married, older wives should be grateful for the pranks of Cupid. Their husbands, moreover, are very lucky men. They get the spoiling and mothering that every man craves, whether or not the "mother fixation" entered into his choice of a bride. They are rarely treated to demonstrations of jealousy, for older wives know better than to precipitate scenes and thus cause molehills to assume the dimensions of mountains. Nor is an older wife going to risk the unfortunate traces that tears and emotional upheavals inevitably leave on her face.

Of course, older wives are scrupulously companionable, seldom permitting their husbands to travel alone; but they are clever enough to convince the gullible fellows that this is induced by devotion and not suspicion.

The Age Factor in Divorce

I am sorry that I have no access to statistics on the permanence of these marriages I am extolling and that I must rely on my own limited observations. At any rate, I know of not one that has ended in the divorce courts.

Women who have had time for acquiring a bit of worldly wisdom are able to put the proper valuation on a husband's adventures with other women. They know that most men don't really want to break up their homes and face scandal and alimony, even though they may imagine, in an unguarded moment, that they do. So the older wife will generally give her husband a bit of rope in times of emotional crisis and, after a while, draw him safely back to shelter. These women either realize that they stand small chance of getting new husbands or prefer wisely to bear those ills they have than fly to others they know not of. So a man's little fling, forgiven and forgotten,

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creates no permanent distress for innocent victims.

The age of a wife apparently has nothing to do with a husband's philandering impulse. In the lives of some men, the time arrives, regardless of home influences, when the eye and the hand must wander. While the intellectuals — comparatively few in both sexes — may be seeking companionship and understanding, the average man's yearning is wholly physical and, therefore, short-lived. The husband usually has not the slightest desire to desert his wife and to transfer his loyalty. I may be wrong. Yet I honestly believe that wives gain in the long run when they exercise tolerance in these things. Older women, more often than younger, view masculine vagaries from a revealing perspective. Certainly I am not condoning misdemeanors that are the accompaniment of the "dangerous age." Now and then, however, the strictest moralist must be practical.

Very busy people, of course, don't have time for philandering. Accordingly, the older wife, concentrating on the absorbing task of holding the young husband whom the Lord or her wits brought her, is looking for no new scalps. Since men of all ages are quite intolerant of their wives' strolls along the primrose path, we can see why the divorce hazard is small in the marriages in which the wife is the older.

Everything is reversed, however, when the husband is considerably older than the wife — fifteen or twenty years older, I mean. A defense mechanism, born of an inferiority complex, prevents his attempting to be either young or agreeable. If he goes out at all socially, he does so with reluctance and at parties sits on the sidelines, sour and jealous and suspicious. Like the Duke in Browning's *My Last Duchess*, he wants "her husband's presence only" to call "that spot of joy" into the lady's cheek and resents the smiles in passing that are not bestowed on him. The disparity in ages eats into his soul and turns him into a sadist who would like to give commands that would stop all smiles. Over and over I have seen such a husband torturing himself and the younger woman he has married. Both are to be pitied, of course, and both are to blame for entering an arrangement so conducive to tragedy.

Instead of being protective toward their wives, these men are defensively cruel. "You are mine," they seem to be saying. "Perhaps you want a younger man but you are married to me. So I have a right to make you miserable." By belittling their wives, they assert a superiority they know to be nonexistent. While the younger husband is meticulously polite to his older wife (so that the world may know that he is not to be pitied) and becomes a finer person (because whatever protective instinct has entered into his original make-up is called into play), the much older husband becomes boorish and ill-mannered and an intolerable housemate. Far from countenancing a little fling from which a woman might recover, he resents his wife's approving speech occasioned by

> *The dropping of the daylight in the West,*
> *The bough of cherries some officious fool*
> *Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule*
> *She rode with round the terrace. . . .*

Perhaps the older woman does not deserve praise, or the older man blame. By both inheritance and training, women are more adjustable than are men. We have lived to please, and men have lived to be pleased. As little girls, we had to adjust ourselves to the boys in the family. In adolescence, how adjustable we had to be in order to be popular — keeping step at dances with the boys and not with the music, listening with bated breath to stories of masculine prowess, studying boys' tastes and submerging our own! We watched the adjustments that made our mothers' marriages successful; knew that meals had to be served to suit a husband's schedule and kept warm to accommodate his uncertain arrivals; realized that, if the man of the house didn't like shrimps, then shrimps were never bought; saw our mother entering into the lives of her children because our father had neither time nor inclination for such pursuits. Indeed, the woman who marries a younger man is initiating no new program when she keeps step with her husband.

After considerable a priori reasoning, I am convinced that a young woman who marries a much older man is more likely to be his slave than his darling — even in this day when woman's status is not fixed and inexorable and women find a way out of such slavery. Both to promote marital happiness and to decrease divorces, I suggest, therefore, that men seek wives at least three or four years their seniors.

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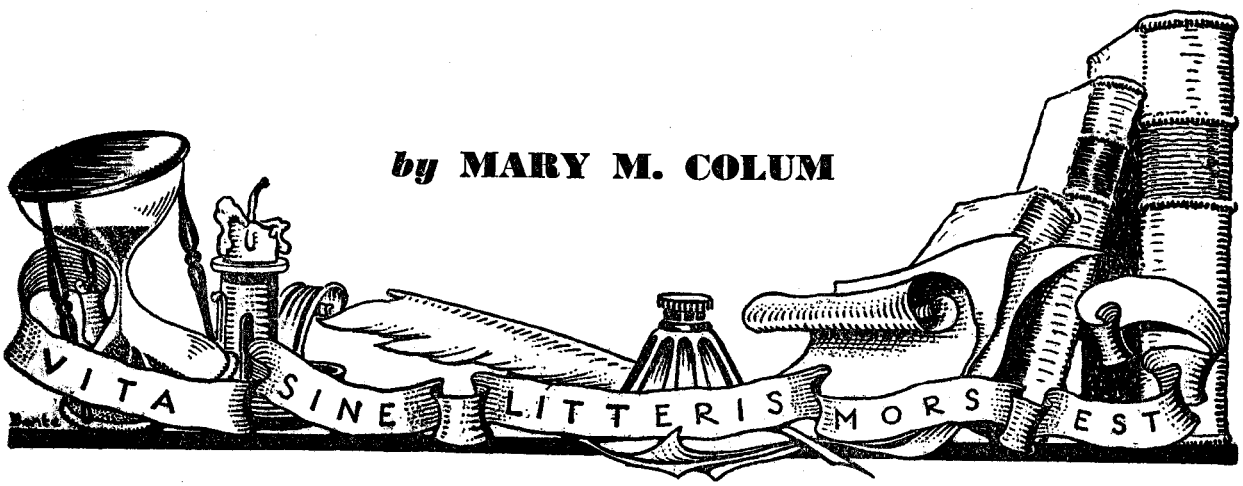
Life and Literature

*Necessary and Unnecessary Writing**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

At the New York Book Fair it happened that a complaint often made by this department was the theme of some of the speeches: the overwhelming deluge of books, most of which should never have been published. Like some talent for music or painting or extrasensory perception, some talent for writing is common enough, but as publishing now stands it is possible to present a commonplace literary talent to a public where a hundred-times-greater talent in music or painting would not get a look-in. Why this should be so is hard to explain, for the fact is that a surprising proportion of books published do not pay their way. But some publishers like a varied list, others have to keep the presses going, and, not uncommonly, authors are willing to pay, at least in part, for the publication of their own works.

A calamity as great as the deluge is that, in proportion to the population of this country, not a large number of books is bought. Partly this is owing to the bewilderment of people before the multitude of titles. It is also, of a certainty, owing to the way literature is taught in many schools and colleges. A feeling for literature, a sense of literary discrimination, is seldom conveyed to the students. Literary history is frequently regarded as of more importance than literature itself; students are stuffed with dates and dead knowledge which vanishes as soon as they enter on their struggle with the world. During my occasional incursions into teaching I have constantly had students who knew more about literary history than about literature. For twelve students in one of the classes I had who were pat about the date of the publication of the *Lyrical Ballads* and who could give the titles of some of the contents, only one was familiar enough with them to be able to repeat verses from the poems. A reform in the method of teaching literature is sorely needed, at least in some centers of learning.

Unnecessary Books

While the literary supplements of our daily newspapers are generally conducted with distinguished ability as far as they can cope with the array of books that hurtle into their offices, yet their columns necessarily have to pay their way, and the editor has rarely enough funds at his command to pay competent critics as they should be paid. What we really need in a country of this size is one or two thoroughly disinterested and able literary reviews, independent not only of publishers' advertisements but of propaganda and of prejudice. In the beginning such a review might have to be run at a loss, but I am convinced that after a while its prestige would be so great that it would pay its way. A few moneyed young men in search of a real interest and anxious to do something for the cultural life of the country could not do

* Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Cleopatra, *by Emil Ludwig* (*Viking, $3.50*); The Minstrel Boy, *by L. A. G. Strong* (*Knopf, $3.75*); The Harp That Once, *by Howard Mumford Jones* (*Holt, $3.50*); Life Is My Song, *by John Gould Fletcher* (*Farrar & Rinehart, $3.50*); Ends and Means, *by Aldous Huxley* (*Harper, $2.75*); Memoir of Æ, *by John Eglinton* (*Macmillan, $2.50*); The Importance of Living, *by Lin Yutang* (*Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00*).

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better than finance such a publication, employing cultivated and competent writers who would have enough sense of life as well as of literature to make it a genuine expression and not merely another exotic or a forum for the display of pedantry. After a few years a publication of this kind could do a great deal toward weeding out all those writers who write for vanity or publicity or, as happens sometimes, for professional advancement. Far too often, at present, a mild and meaningless publicity in a literary journal is an aid to academic advancement.

Even well-known writers sometimes write unnecessary books. Before me is a book, by Emil Ludwig, called *Cleopatra*, which could easily be dispensed with; it is a great comedown for this author after his fine book of last year, *The Nile*. In his preface he shows himself uneasy about the form of the new work:

> Though here the limit of the historical novel has been reached, it has nowhere been overstepped. . . . I hope my readers will accept this representation as a contribution to a history of the human heart.

He has reason for being uneasy, for, no matter what he says about this being a historical novel, it is nothing more than a gaudily fictionized biography of the kind that came with such a rush after the success of Lytton Strachey's and Stefan Zweig's work.

There are two ways of writing about Cleopatra: one is to write an account based on research, giving us only what can honestly be deduced from records, and the other is to write about her as Gautier, Shaw, and Shakespeare have written — that is, in an unmistakably imaginative way. But Emil Ludwig takes neither course. In spite of the lusciousness of his style, he writes without the imaginative projection of a novelist, and, no matter what he invents, his *Cleopatra* remains the fictionized biography.

The actually known facts about Cleopatra's life are meager, and are involved with Roman propaganda. Julius Caesar, whose son Cleopatra is supposed to have borne, makes one reference to her in his commentaries on the Alexandrine War. He simply says, "Caesar restored Queen Cleopatra to her throne because she had been loyal and had always remained with him in his headquarters." In Plutarch's Lives of Caesar and of Antony there is more: there is the well-known story of Cleopatra's having herself brought to Caesar rolled up in a carpet, the incident that Shaw uses so amusingly. This, like her having divers fasten salt fish on Antony's hook, reveals her as one of those whimsical charmers whom men will always adore. But the whimsicality is absent from the Cleopatra of Emil Ludwig, and the luridly detailed accounts of her amorous orgies with Antony are too much for even a fictionized biography. We become convinced that Shakespeare, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, is the best reading of all about the Egyptian queen, her lovers, and her enemies.

Two Contrasting Biographies

Among the other new biographies there are two lives of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore — one by an Irish writer, L. A. G. Strong, and one by an American professor, Howard Mumford Jones. Both will probably be welcomed by those few Irish readers who still keep up an enthusiasm for the Moore of the *Irish Melodies*. To them L. A. G. Strong's *The Minstrel Boy* will be more interesting than Mumford Jones's *Harp That Once*, the merits of which are chiefly on the research side and in its attempt to place Moore as a Regency poet (to which there is some point). L. A. G. Strong, who has a feeling for literature and a sense of poetry which Mumford Jones lacks, writes with the grace of an accomplished writer, and his book is what it purports to be: the portrait of one who was a charming personality though "neither a great man nor a great poet."

L. A. G. Strong does not make the mistake of trying to drag in comparisons between Moore's lyrics and those of the poets of the Celtic renaissance like Yeats and Æ. Mumford Jones's lack of intuition into literature is at its worst when he compares Moore's tripping lines —

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
. . . . . .
There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time.

— with Yeats's —

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there with clay and wattles made,
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,

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And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

. . . . . .

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds on the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavement gray
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Now there are certainly an isle and a bee in both, but beyond this there is no resemblance in meter or mood or subject. Yeats's is a poem of exile, Innisfree being a real island, part of his boyhood's memories; while Moore's is a vague daydreaming about a love nest.

Mumford Jones has, besides, no natural ability for getting into communication with the culture of another people, and so he has not been able to acquire a sense of the Irish inheritance out of which certain of Moore's lyrics came. When he announces that Moore caught the idiom of the Celt as no preceding English poet had done, he is making a statement that reads curiously. He may mean that every poet writing in English, including Americans, is an English poet, a point of view with which I cannot agree. And, of course, "the idiom of the Celt," which Mumford Jones seems to know little about, appeared many times in English before Moore. Just to mention a couple of cases, there is the Scottish Jane Elliott's "The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede awa'"; there is John Philpot Curran's "If sadly thinking with spirits sinking"; there is Burns in some of his songs; and there were, in both Scotland and Ireland, folk poets who made poems in English and carried over the idiom of the Celt. One must remember that this idiom is as much an inheritance of the Scots as it is of the Irish and that Bunting, the collector of the Irish melodies, applied to the Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell, to perform the task that Moore afterwards performed. Campbell's "Exile of Erin" has certainly a good deal of the Celtic idiom. Is it necessary to say that Scots Gaelic and Irish are the same language (with some differences in their development), with the same poetical inheritance?

The contemporary neglect of Thomas Moore is not owing, as Mumford Jones thinks, to the Wordsworthians, the Coleridgians, the Shelley specialists, and the Keats enthusiasts but to the patent fact that even his best poetry did not wear very well. It is also owing to the fact that Moore's type of poetry makes less and less appeal to his countrymen. Mumford Jones makes the grave mistake of imagining that the music of the melodies was folk music; for the most part it was culture music, the music of the accomplished musicians and composers who were the hereditary harpers to the Irish princes. If it had been real folk music, it is doubtful if Moore's singing of the melodies would have had such great popularity in London drawing rooms. The traditional singing of the Irish folk and the tunes they sing to are something else altogether, something not often heard outside of Ireland and then only among Irish exiles.

The best part of Mumford Jones's book, the result of his research, could, with a better chance of life, have been published in a pamphlet for students rather than in the biographical shape it is now in. His attempts to be lively in the manner of modern biographers degenerates for the most part to a mild friskiness and a classroom wise-crackery, for he has no natural vigor of style, and his interest is in information about literature rather than in literature itself.

Courageous Living

A book more interesting to Americans than either of these two literary biographies is John Gould Fletcher's *Life Is My Song*. Fletcher came into American literature at what was really its most exciting period, the America into which had just come Robinson's *Man Against the Sky*, Frost's *North of Boston*, Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, Ezra Pound's poetry, the imagist group and Amy Lowell, and Harriet Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*. These all appeared within a couple of years of each other and made America intellectually a very stimulating place. Then, a man writing a volume of real poetry would be reviewed on the first page of the *New York Times* literary supplement (at that time, if I remember aright, the only complete literary supplement), instead of, as now, in a few inches of space somewhere at the back.

But it is not only John Gould Fletcher's account of the literary society of three or four countries that will interest the general reader; it is even more his candid account of a life lived by a man of letters in our own time, a frustrated and bewildered life, disappointed in most of its ambitions. He fell a victim to the notions of changing sex morality; his interior conflict, when the wife of another man fell in love with him and he with her, is deeply impressive even if we feel that it is too unreserved.

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His first wife's husband's determination that the lady was to be treated fairly and not merely casually by the then young Fletcher is an object lesson in the European view of such matters. A woman's position in America is better in many ways, but in sentimental relations to men and in all affairs of amour it is better in Europe. I remember the public castigation given by a French judge to a South American who had deserted his mistress under tragic circumstances and then allowed her to be summoned to court because, at a later encounter, she had wounded him.

John Gould Fletcher, dealing with another phase of his life, is willing to admit that maybe he had not enough of the divine fire to make much of a mark in his chosen vocation, poetry. While frankly declaring that he "made the supremely fatal mistake of supposing at twenty-one" that he "must be a poet," yet he now believes, in the fifties and married once more to another's wife, that life has been well worth living with his chosen work. "In an age," he writes, "imbued with the importance of documentary information, he must be a brave man who pretends to write poetry at all." He must, indeed, be a brave man who pretends to write any sort of disinterested literature, and the impression we get from *Life Is My Song* is that it is an account of the life of a brave man, a bewildered man, who sacrificed much for what he believed to be the pursuit of spiritual truth. His resentment that in cultural matters New York's decision is so powerful, his plea for a regional instead of a metropolitan culture, will appeal to that considerable group of Americans who believe that, in proportion to population, the most cultured Americans live outside New York. Despite the dreariness of places such as Arkansas which John Gould Fletcher writes about, adventurous and patriotic men, taking what they can find, will have to settle down and create an art in these places. The creation of art is more intimately related to genuine patriotism than many imagine.

Civilization's Motives

Aldous Huxley is a younger man than John Gould Fletcher, but he too has come to the point when he must deliver a testament. His is nothing less than an attempt to relate to a theory of the nature of reality the problems of domestic and international politics, of war and economics, of education, religion, and ethics. He concludes:

> It goes without saying that the task has been inadequately performed. Nevertheless I make no apologies for attempting it. Even a fragmentary outline of a synthesis is better than no synthesis at all.

Any understanding reader must respect him for making the attempt, for showing us that there is something in the nature of reality at variance with the philosophy of meaninglessness which he and others of his contemporaries held a generation or even a decade ago. Now he says with a candor that is affecting:

> Does the world as a whole possess the value and meaning that we constantly attribute to certain parts of it (such as human beings and their work); and if so, what is the nature of that value and meaning? This is a question which, a few years ago, I should not even have posed. . . . I had motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning, consequently assumed there was none, and was able without any difficulty to find satisfying reasons for this assumption.

It is hard to imagine anybody's having motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning, for that it should have a meaning would appear to be a necessity for the happiness of all conscious people. Then Aldous Huxley makes this statement, astonishing to some of us:

> The desire to justify a certain sexual looseness played a part in the popularization of meaninglessness at least as important as that played by the desire for liberation from an unjust and inefficient form of social organization.

To those readers who have followed Aldous Huxley's work and progress, the state of mind he has reached in *Ways and Means* will seem to be something in the nature of a religious conversion. Some of his solutions for present-day evils are the same as those Christianity has always put forward through its great teachers. This is the case for instance, when he insists that all progress worth the name must be progress in charity and when he shows us that the ideal man, the man most worthy of admiration, should be for us the man who practices detachment — detachment from power, wealth and prestige. This was not only the ideal of Christianity but, even more generally, the ideal of Buddhism. It was the focusing idea of the discipline that attracted high-minded men into the monastic orders, both Christian and Buddhist. Aldous Huxley, in fact, pleads for a revival of

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the monastic orders, or, since they do exist, for a more extended and a more secular practice of their ideals.

"Act, but be not attached to the fruits of action," says the Bhagavad-Gita, and what Aldous Huxley really wants in our civilization is an increase in the number of people who do not attach themselves to the fruits of their actions, whether these actions result in power, money, or fame. He gets at something fundamental when he declares that the means employed to bring about any change in society should be appropriate to the desired ends. Communism in Russia, for example, proposed, as its ends, freedom and the means of subsistence for all; but the means used are inappropriate: constant terror and the fear of executions for some groups, starvation for others. That means should be appropriate to ends ought, I believe, to be made axiomatic in all education — a new ethic, perhaps the one contribution to ethics in our time.

It is important and hope-giving to remember that there have been in our time men who fulfilled the ideal that Aldous Huxley is trying to set before us. One modern writer who in a very high degree had the detachment as well as the sense of the appropriate relation of means to ends was Æ (George William Russell), whose career is dealt with in a book by his friend, John Eglinton, *A Memoir of Æ*. That this is not a "life" but a memoir should be noted, but it gets down the character of the man, the facts of his life, his own significant statements, and the testimony of his familiars. Æ had, in fact, the qualities of a Buddhist monk: he was detached, he practiced meditation and mental concentration, he was full of charity and magnanimity, he acted and cared little for the fruits of action, and he was devoted to the philosophy of the Bhagavad-Gita. After reading *Ways and Means* it is well worth while to read this account of a modern man who embodied what seems to most of us a very difficult ideal.

Old Culture Patterns

It is interesting to note that, in Huxley's plea for the revival of the monastic spirit, the form of religion he offers, to give sanction to detachment, is a theism; and he would add to the Christian rule something that has always been in the Buddhist: awareness — an openness to impressions from nature, art, and personality that the Chinese poets and sages constantly display. A good deal of this awareness you will find in Lin Yutang's delightful book, *The Importance of Living*.

The extracts he gives from Chinese poets, philosophers, and diarists all denote this awareness. According to Lin Yutang, the Chinese people love and understand life incomparably better than the people of the West, and, because of this understanding, they take life more casually than we do. Their ideal figure on one level is the detached scholar and on the other level the vagabond. Perhaps as a comment on Lin Yutang's pages one could say that this is true to some extent of all old and mellow civilizations: one finds a good deal of this spirit in contemporary France. Still, something in us has to put the query: How do 300,000,000 people get fed in a country of detached scholars and vagabonds?

However, we accept the China of Lin Yutang as we accept the Ireland of James Stephens, with its philosophers, poets, and vagabonds, because in both cases the ideal is given to us with wisdom, wit, and gaiety and because it helps us to realize the comedy and futility of so much of our own civilization. The devotion of Chinese children and youths to their elders, for instance, may seem quaint to Western readers, but is not the reverse of this (where only the young are seriously considered — as too frequently in this country — and where their elders renounce their rights) more unnatural? Lin Yutang tells us:

> It is considered good luck to have children who can take care of one. One lives for nothing else in China. In the West the old people efface themselves and prefer to live alone in some hotel room with a restaurant on the ground floor out of consideration for their children, and an entirely unselfish desire not to interfere in their home-life. But old people have the right to interfere, and if interference is unpleasant it is nevertheless natural, for all life, particularly the domestic life, is a lesson in restraint.

Chinese detachment, which Lin Yutang tells us so much about, seems to be very different from the detachment that Aldous Huxley would have us practice — detachment for the good of our fellow men. The Chinese, whether scholar or vagabond, is inclined to let the other fellow shift for himself. This sort of detachment may be callous, though Lin Yutang does not say so, and it probably helps make the mass of social misery even greater in China than here.

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But, leaving all such earnest considerations aside, Lin Yutang gives us in this volume a sort of anthology of Chinese poetry and wisdom that should make very happy reading for us. There are passages from one Yuan, whose book on the arrangement of flowers in vases is a classic on that momentous theme which will add to the sort of gaiety that is a help toward the good life. Yuan's preface to this work notes:

> Since hills and water and flowers and bamboos luckily lay outside the scope of the strugglers for fame and power . . . the retiring scholar was enabled to snatch this opportunity and monopolize the enjoyment of the latter for himself.

Flowers used for decoration, flowers in vases, should have their flower attendants, Yuan stated. For instance, the plum flower should have camellias, the peony should have cinnamon roses, the lotos should have white daylilies. And no intelligent reader ought to lay this book aside without carefully noting the conditions that Yuan found humiliating to flowers, for such conditions are humiliating also to the rest of creation. Among the 23 conditions calculated to upset the self-respect of flowers are:

> family asking for accounts . . . writing poems by consulting rhyming dictionaries . . . discussing people's official promotion or demotion . . . poems written just for courtesy [letters should be added to this] . . . pieces of writing with clichés like "purple morning air" lying around.

I think the quantity of unnecessary books lying around must also be very humiliating to the flowers.

To Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry

When Commodore Perry with banners unfurled
Unbottled Japan on a wondering world,
How little he dreamed what a demon of war
Emerged from that bottle so harmless before,—
A demon remorseless to ravage and kill,
Obeying no law but its arrogant will.
Oh, Commodore Perry, come quickly and pen
That spirit of wrath in its bottle again!

Arthur Guiterman

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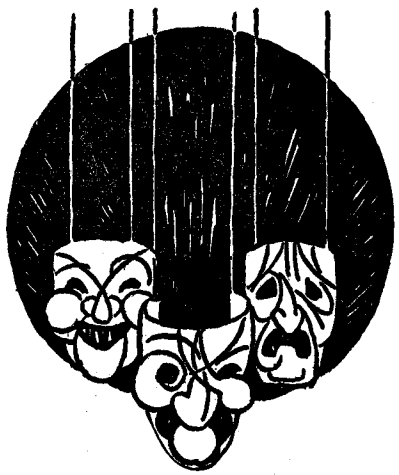
The Theater Forum



EVEN UNDERTAKERS are entitled to a vacation, and observers are beginning to point with pride at signs of life in the professional theater. They are right, but it is too soon to go into raptures. Although the current New York theater has acquired more variety, energy, and depth, its range is still narrow, its mastery of material is still uncertain. To date, three of the eighteen new plays have been tripe not worth mentioning. *Young Mr. Disraeli*, imported from London, only called attention to the futility of the average biographical play. *Robin Landing*, though literate, only proved our general incompetence in the field of poetic drama. Even in Shakespearean revivals, with an exception now and then, we show few signs of filling the gap left by the decline of the theater of exaltation. That costly failure *Antony and Cleopatra*, Tallulah Bankhead's recent venture, continued the trend of overdressing the drama, instead of hewing to the lean line of passion. A young company, the Surry Players, revived *As You Like It* as if Shakespeare had written a horse opera. Although several individual performances augur well for the young troupe, the production indicated that this iron age cannot play with gossamer.

Our time is primed for the robust antics of realistic farce, as exemplified by plays from other seasons like *Room Service* and *Boy Meets Girl*. Still, we do not succeed entirely even in our native farces when we compare them with the visiting Irish players' *Playboy of the Western World*, although it has revived less buoyantly than before. The best farce is akin to poetry. Although our vulgate teems with figurative speech, our situations and characters too often remain on the dead level of mediocrity.

It may well be that musical comedy, which allows the greatest amount of free play for native fantasy, is our most comfortable medium, even if we fall short of its possibilities by contenting ourselves with obvious and merely decorative elements. In *I'd Rather Be Right*, Messrs. Kaufman, Rodgers, and Hart exploit our natural resources. Its political irreverences have a sweeping Aristophanic quality and are genuinely entertaining. Shrewd digs at the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and the New Deal are delivered with fantastic ingenuity. With the indefatigable George M. Cohan leading the circus, this much publicized extravaganza captures prosperity at the Alvin Theater even while the authors bewail its absence elsewhere. Yet, for all its resourcefulness, *I'd Rather Be Right* is not resourceful enough; for all its impudence, it is not brash enough; for all its wit, it is not witty enough. The second half of the program is deficient in inventiveness. The basic comic idea turns out to be a nutshell rather than the full-sized bombshell that was expected, for the attack on the administration is no more original than the pages of the *New York Herald Tribune*. If when they exhausted the comic possibilities of the New Deal they had also addressed themselves to the clamorous Old Deal, the authors might have turned what looks like a Republican love feast into a satire on the whole political animal.

II

FORTUNATELY, the stage captures the more classic qualities of subtlety and delicacy in *Amphitryon 38* and *Father Malachy's Miracle*. The golden quality of *Amphitryon 38* is as much the work of the Lunts and their assisting artists as it is of its brilliant French author, Jean Giraudoux, and his American adapter, S. N. Behrman. This fantastic comedy of Jupiter's wooing of a mortal lady in the shape of her husband could easily have deteriorated into a bedroom farce of dubious taste. Instead, it belongs to that small number of genuinely civilized plays that still make playgoing an intelligent pastime.

Though *Father Malachy's Miracle* is little more than another extended anecdote, it also belongs to this select company. It lends itself

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to nothing short of glorious acting on the part of Al Shean and the ably directed supporting company. The comedy of a gentle miracle-working monk, who discovers that miracles are out of date even when they occur, is something of a sport in the theater; it even strained the confidence of its fortunate producer, gentle humor being the rarest of qualities on our strident stage. Spread too liberally, such milk of human kindness would probably curdle. *Father Malachy's Miracle* is necessarily a slight play, which is its major limitation. In fact, even within its small compass it becomes a trifle obvious and repetitious, and the second miracle is neither written nor staged with the power of the first.

The bulk of our important drama must continue to lie in the field of realistic and, mainly, sociological drama. Although the possibilities of a play like *Madame Bovary* have remained largely unplumbed, they are impressive. Benn W. Levy's adaptation of Gaston Baty's ambitious dramatization suffers from that bane of the contemporary stage, the tendency to prettify. When the adaptation captures the bleak deterioration of a commonplace woman trying to surmount the barrier of middle-class life, it possesses more power and meaning than it has been credited with. The play as a whole might have possessed rare force had it followed the only logical dramatic line — the unvarnished, if sympathetic, social study of a woman who is typical of millions of middle-class women around whom most of our pseudo-culture and much of our business revolve.

Without the leaven of the revolutionary theater, which lost most of its influence last year after wielding it for several seasons, the realistic stage has tended to be tepid. In *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*, Sidney Howard's latest contribution to intelligent drama, the want of dramatic drive seems to me only moderately regrettable, although it is perceptible enough to interfere with appreciation of the play. If it leaves its characters very much where it found them, it holds up a mirror to the upper-class world, in this instance more telling than a romanticized resolution of its essential irresolution.

The pall of tepidity hangs more heavily over such messages as *Many Mansions* and *Too Many Heroes*. The former, a high-minded indictment that raises the question of the responsibility of the church in our time, runs to old-fashioned problem drama by dwarfing the issues and dabbling with palliatives long ago relegated to social workers. The latter, an excoriation of lynch law, permits the interest to run downhill, frittering away its power in the story of a single character's repentance.

The prize-fighting play *Golden Boy*, a tragedy of social waste by a temporarily tamed Clifford Odets, has sufficient pathos, change of pace, and vigorous dialogue to make it a considerable drama. And yet the play wants incisiveness, verges on the commonplace, and does not escape the suspicion of sentimentality. Joe Bonaparte, the violinist who turned boxer, is never so inevitable a victim of social forces as the author would have us believe. Even an impressionable young man would not exchange music for the ring unless compelled by poverty; and Joe Bonaparte is not poor.

Even the more rugged naturalism of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, for all its feeling and honesty of characterization and speech, does not scale the heights of tragedy. The play blows like a gust over the painted canvas of the theater, but it is easy to overrate its merits. It is one of the penalties of naturalism that it sinks to the level of the life it describes. *Of Mice and Men* is sometimes as flat as its characters, suffers from monotony the greater part of the first two acts, and achieves at best a sensational pathos rather than real tragedy. Its subject, an inarticulate cretin whose problem is essentially clinical, can hardly be expected to widen our horizons.

The one completely realized contribution to serious theater remains the Mercury Theatre's modernization of *Julius Caesar*. Astutely staged against a fascist background, it seems as immediate as the day's news. Sensitively adapted, it creates an affecting and provocative picture of an idealist, Brutus, constitutionally incapable of coping with the diabolism of masses and demagogues. Etching the drama into the mind by means of nothing more than lights, steps, and a brick wall, the production proves how little more the theater needs than vital material and imagination. *Julius Caesar* reminds us that, if the stage would return to essentials, it would return to sound economics as well as sound artistry.

JOHN W. GASSNER

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Whose Right to Work?

A Debate

I—The Right to Strike, Not to Strike-Break

***by* EDWARD L. ISRAEL**

ABOVE and beyond — or shall we say beyond and beneath? — all the patently scurrilous and malicious anti-C.I.O. attacks, has appeared another and much more serious manifestation of labor opposition. It parades under a banner entitled *The Right to Work*. Rumblings and stirrings of this idea have been in the air for a long while. It remained for the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, steel strike to bring it dramatically and concretely before the American public.

The "independents" among the steel manufacturers determined to resist C.I.O. recognition, which had already been granted by Big Steel. After some serious crises, the worst of which, at the Republic plant in Chicago, resulted in the Memorial Day "massacre" of union sympathizers, the center of interest focused on the C.I.O. effort to organize the Cambria plant of Bethlehem Steel at Johnstown.

Apparently spontaneously, the conservative elements in the community formed a committee to protest to the governor because of his allegedly pro-C.I.O. tactics. As time goes on, the spontaneity and independence of this action fall more and more into a shadow of doubt. It is known now that Bethlehem Steel poured thousands of dollars into the hands of those who were interested in the protest against C.I.O. activities. The "Citizens' Committee" insisted that the majority of men in the Cambria mill did not want to join the C.I.O. strike. They wanted to work, so it was maintained; and the climax of the Committee's contention was an almost melodramatic insistence on every American's "constitutional right to work," even when some of his fellow workers wanted to strike. The C.I.O., for its part, asserted that the majority of men in the plant really wanted to organize under the C.I.O. banner but were being intimidated by terrorist activities and threats of loss of jobs.

There were accusations by this committee that the C.I.O. resorted to violence in influencing men to join the strike. There was nothing said about violence and intimidation on the other side. Experience indicates that the C.I.O. has not, at least recently, precipitated a strike situation until it has been fairly sure of the support of a majority of the workers. There is much room for the impression in this case that such support was gained but later shat-

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tered by the antiunion activity of the employers and the local antiunionists. We know that the alleged aversion to joining the union, expressed by so-called loyal workers at Flint, Michigan, was prompted by shop foremen acting for the employers.

The Johnstown Citizens' Committee, quite intoxicated by its success in driving out the C.I.O., has made itself the center of a national campaign to organize similar vigilante groups in other American cities. It has issued a pamphlet whose outside cover reads as follows:

> "It Can't Happen Here" — It DID Happen Here — It Can Happen in Your Town as Shown by THE LESSON OF JOHNSTOWN.

The pamphlet asserts that over 70 per cent of the Cambria steelworkers did not want the strike. It protests, so emphatically as to be almost suspicious, that it is not against unions. It alleges that the Committee does not want to interfere with any worker's right to join the C.I.O. or A. F. of L. (This is, after all, not such a liberal or magnanimous concession. To assert to the contrary would be to run afoul of the national labor-relations act.) It concludes, however, that free American laborers must not be subject to the coercive efforts of any union to make them sign up. If a strike is called, every man should be free to continue his job without the slightest interference.

Very significantly, while there is much pother about the laborer being free to strike or join unions, not a word is said about the justice of the legally assured right of peaceful picketing. The whole statement, however, is couched in extremely plausible terms, and the appeal to spread the movement into other communities is striking a responsive chord among many people who really cannot be classed as antilabor. It therefore becomes necessary to examine its implications very thoroughly.

II

THE TESTIMONY before the La Follette civil-liberties committee of the United States Senate is piling up evidence that threats not only of dismissal but of murder have been used to deter men from unionism. How do we really know whether or not men want to strike for a union? Well, fortunately, we now have machinery for ascertaining this knowledge. The Wagner labor-relations act is the means. There is no strike situation in which it ought not be used as the test of a real desire for unionization. Once a strike occurs, there is no longer any need for the frequently false assertion by employers that their people "don't want a union." It is true that the act gives the union the opportunity to decide when to have a vote. But this is only fair. It would be possible otherwise for employers to demand a vote before their employees knew anything at all about the meaning of unionization — and thus permanently shut off efforts at organization. Once a union calls a strike, there is no reason for the postponement of a vote. And, as far as I have been able to observe the situation, all that organized labor is asking now is adherence to the labor-relations act as the law of the land. Too many reactionaries shout sanctimoniously for "law and order" only when the law is what they themselves have ordered.

It is generally conceded nowadays, although not altogether firmly established in legal enactments, that there are certain property rights inherent in a job. When some workers go on strike and endeavor by picketing to interfere with their nonstriking fellows' continuing at the bench or machine, there is obviously a conflict of property rights. The continuation of one group at work interferes with the stake which the strikers have in the jobs for which the law recognizes their right to strike. Yet the placing of obstacles in the way of the strikebreaking or nonstriking employees' freely engaging in their work is an interference with a strikebreaker's right to his job. It's an old complication which is at the basis of much jurisprudence. In other words, we don't go to court necessarily to right a wrong but, perhaps even more frequently, to get a legal decision when two rights conflict.

Society has set up the courts which make the judgment on such cases. It is therefore natural that these courts have, sooner or later, taken into primary account the well-being of the social order. It is ultimately with this welfare in mind that a decision is made. More and more, as our economic and social structure becomes increasingly involved and complicated, old-time notions of property rights have to be revised in terms of social welfare. Let me give one concrete example. If your grandfather or mine had ever heard it intimated that he would not be allowed to open a store or blacksmith shop or office on some piece of property

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he held — that he could use it only for residential purposes — he would have been apoplectic with rage and shouted that he was a free American citizen and no meddling politician was going to tell him how he could use his real estate. Today, the social appreciation of the necessity of certain protections to health and beauty in city planning definitely limits our good old individualistic American property rights by zoning laws which are upheld in the courts. Two property rights conflicted: the very literal one of ownership of real estate and the more intangible one of social welfare. The intangible won over the concrete, and hardly a person now questions the ultimate wisdom of that decision.

American democracy today faces a grim struggle for survival. A very serious aspect of the complications which have imperiled democracy or caused its collapse in other lands has been the labor problem. It is a logical offshoot of the struggle of capitalism to preserve itself. This is frequently done by reducing labor to a condition little above economic serfdom. In Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, an end was put to the efforts of labor to resist that serfdom. There are no strikes there because there is no democracy. *We may as well make up our minds that if we want to continue political democracy we are going to have to be consistent and have industrial democracy as well.* Free labor unions are the expression of industrial democracy. They make their mistakes. They are sometimes badly led. But they are the only form of economic organization consistent with political democracy. Our political democracy makes mistakes, and is sometimes badly led; yet I doubt that any demagogue could urge our American people to give up their freedom of speech, press, religion, education, and peaceable assemblage to a Hitler or a Mussolini, with his promises of dictatorial efficiency.

The real struggle in American labor today is not primarily for better wages or hours or working conditions. It is a far wiser and more hopeful struggle. It is for the essential democratic system of independently conducted collective bargaining as a symbol of personal dignity and economic security. I agree that an insignificant number of disgruntled employees should not be allowed by sit-downs or any other tactics to throw an unsympathetic majority into enforced idleness. But the proposition is not so easily disposed of. First of all, are we definitely sure that the majority has not been intimidated and that it independently opposes unionization? In the second place, is it advisable for American employers to blind themselves to the need for industrial democracy, regardless of how their employees feel about it? A man may not want to avail himself of every possible advantage of freedom. Lethargy or ignorance may prompt this failure. Is it not quite possibly the part of intelligent leadership to teach him the values of industrial democracy? Some wise employers began this years ago. They are among the happiest businessmen in America today.

III

HERE IS the logic of the situation:

1. The necessity for industrial democracy as an indispensable link in our struggle to maintain political democracy becomes more and more evident.

2. The social well-being calls for the preservation of our political democracy.

Therefore, when a Johnstown crisis confronts us with a conflict between property rights of two groups of workers, the final decision can be made only on the basis of the demands of society as a whole. In other words, distasteful as it may sound to American employers — just as zoning laws choked Grandfather — *the right to strike-break must give way before the right to strike.*

There is no such thing as an unqualified "right to work" in an atmosphere of industrial conflict.

The vigilantism which has begun in Johnstown can become the focus of an infection which will lay American democracy low. The old Tories of Revolutionary War days called it communism when liberals demanded that every man be given the right to vote. The Tories of the South called it communism when Abraham Lincoln put an end to human slavery. The Tories of two generations ago called it communism when labor demanded the right of peaceful picketing. And now the vigilantes are calling it communism when it is insisted that industrial democracy is an indispensable concomitant of political democracy. As a matter of fact, it is not communism at all but the surest prevention of either communism or fascism. There isn't free labor unionism in Italy, Ger-

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many, or Russia. There is almost complete unionization in England, who, despite her geographical proximity to communism and fascism, has held fast to her democratic traditions — some say even better than we.

On the other hand, labor unions must prepare themselves for their new responsibility in the struggle to preserve democracy. There is still too much racketeering in certain unions. There is not enough sound education in the real meaning of democratic unionization. There's this miserable fight between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. And there is the need to work for the elimination of strikes, except for organization purposes. Every union agreement should have provision for a final arbitrator whose decision would be binding on both parties during the term of his office. Some unions, like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, have long had such contracts, with great satisfaction to both union and employer. A strike during the duration of a signed agreement should be impossible. Courts are upholding arbitrators' decisions as valid. *We don't want government legislation preventing strikes. That's fascism! But we're going to have it unless unions and employers can definitely outlaw strikes themselves by truly democratic methods.*

II—The Right to Be Free to Choose

by FRANK HENRY SELDEN

It is essential to remember that the personalities in the labor drama, from the most illiterate to the highest types of scientific workers in tool rooms, have a larger horizon, a broader outlook on life, on industrial and social problems, than was common to workmen of the preceding generation. We must not expect such persons to move along in the ruts of bygone conditions. Many have advanced beyond the short-visioned contests for mere increases in hourly rates of pay and are too well informed to give aid to any organization without definite knowledge that it is worthy of support.

The conflict is between those who still lag and those who recognize the necessity for the longer and more comprehensive view. It is primarily a contest between different groups of laborers rather than between employees and employers. A large number of employees have moved out of the jungle ideal of antagonisms and force to the higher plane of recognition of the rights of both parties to the wage contract. This, in turn, forces the conclusion that wage adjustments should be made through mutual bargaining, rather than by a hold-up method such as the C.I.O. is attempting to establish. These workmen are already able to use "truly democratic methods" to gain their ends without strikes, the goal for which Rabbi Edward L. Israel pleads in his last paragraph.

Holding this view, these workmen do not sanction nor will they willingly aid the present jungle type of activity (misnamed strikes) — nor submit to the force (private warfare) called peaceful picketing which such organizations employ. While they would not outlaw strikes or refuse to engage in them if occasion required, they are generally able to use a more democratic method for obtaining satisfactory conditions.

I suppose that advocates of peaceful picket-

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ing of the C.I.O. type would call the solid bayoneted squares which the English formed to receive Napoleon's cavalry peaceful warfare. These would have been as inoffensive as a massed picket line, had Napoleon kept his men away. The C.I.O. strike today, whether of the sit-down or stand-in-line type, is simply civil war, as is always demonstrated when those who have a right and wish to work attempt to go on peaceably about their business.

Thus this question of the right to work resolves into whether one group holding one opinion has the right to force another group to accept its opinion. The right to work persists because of the right to the opinion that strikes of the C.I.O. type are an entirely wrong method of action. The Constitution guarantees free speech and free assembly, but it does not guarantee the right of one group to force another group to obey its decisions; that is a matter solely for the government.

If we hold that one group of citizens may force its opinions on another group, then we have two conflicting governments; and that means civil war. On the other hand, if we insist that all groups must stop at the point of agitating or advocating their claims, we will postpone the civil conflict and appeal to legislation. If one group can secure legislation within the Constitution to enforce its views, then the other must yield. If it cannot secure such laws, then it must permit the other group to carry on.

It cannot be denied that the right to work is inherent in the right to life and hence can be denied only by specific law. Until such law is enacted, any act abridging the right to work should be immediately restrained by the courts.

II

But there is another phase of this question of the right to work. When we insist on the right to work we force a broader consideration of the whole problem of employment and wages. If those who wish to hold up their employer by striking are handicapped by those who disagree with them, this may lead and should lead to their giving attention to the other view and possibly joining with those who refuse to strike. Those who refuse to join the strike are quite as interested, possibly more so, in the welfare of the workers as are the strikers.

To argue that one employee's continuing his work while another employee sees fit to go on strike is an infringement of the property right of the striker in his job is pure assumption. What the striker wants is the additional support that would come from the other workman's quitting. Or, assuming that there is a "property right" in the job, the striker admits that his property right is not sufficient to force compliance with his demands; hence he wishes to force the other workman to give or lend him the additional property right in order to win a point which he knows he is not in position to win otherwise.

"When some workers go on strike and . . . interfere with their nonstriking fellows . . . there is obviously a conflict of property rights," writes Rabbi Israel. The only conflict is in the fact that the strikers want to take by force whatever right the nonstriker has in his job and add it to their own. Reduced to brass tacks, it is a clear case of attempted theft of whatever right may exist in a job. There is no conflict of rights whatever. The man who works is not interfering with the striker's job. It is the striker who is attempting to steal the other fellow's job and add it to his own — a pure theft.

To argue that this theft is for the well-being of the social order will necessitate first some facts to show that the strike is not a serious violation of the social order. Keep ever in mind that the opposition to the strike or lack of co-operation with the strike leaders is based on the belief — if not the positive knowledge — that the strike and the whole organization of which it is a part are against public policy, against the social order, and against the best interests of the workers.

As this present discussion grows out of the attempts of the C.I.O. to force workmen to abandon their work, we need to inquire regarding the social value of this organization. Three types of persons are its chief supporters. First there is the thoroughly habituated grafter, who sees in it a chance to make a stake. Second, there is the person of limited ethical stability, who looks on the movement as a gigantic graft and argues that he will "get his" while the getting is good. (It was to this group that both the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. made their public appeals in attempting to organize the plant in which I work. The first group was

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lined up before the meetings. The appeal had all the appearance of having been deliberately planned and of being the essential method of all the organization campaigns.) Third, there is the unsocial type of person, who looks on the fee as of small importance and joins to avoid trouble.

The method of working into a plant is first to find and fix those of the first group, next to call a meeting and get enough of the second group to start the organization, and then to cause some trouble or abuse of workmen in the plant to force the third group to join. When the leaders think they can win it, some excuse is found for a strike, and, if necessary, outside pickets (private soldiers they should be called) are brought in to keep employees from working. This is expected to cause more of group three to join and is kept up until the leaders have worried a majority into membership. Then the attempt is made to force an agreement that will get the closed shop and lock the third group into what is misnamed a labor union.

Against these three groups are those employees who have concluded that there are other and better ways to improve the condition of the working people and who, because of this belief, refuse to join the union or the strike. These individuals are unlike some who are so overpowered by their desire to aid the common people that they mistake the C.I.O. for a labor organization because it has assumed a union label. When an employee is asked to quit his work to aid such an organization under such conditions, he should refuse absolutely; and there can be no denying his right to do so.

III

NEAR THE END of Rabbi Israel's discussion, we are told: "There's this miserable fight between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. I think that, if he will consider the effect of promises from the White House made to secure campaign contributions and votes, he will discover that this is the real story of the deplorable situation in organized labor and the real cause of the methods employed to secure fees and memberships — which are needed for campaign contributions and to get the labor vote where it can be delivered according to contract.

In great forward movements the people usually lag behind until some exceptional occurrence stirs them to action. The people have long neglected to take a proper interest in the position of the workers of the nation. It is well that this abomination of abominations, the Wagner act, hatched to create a labor racket to support a political ambition, is leading to definite action.

With a great industrial leader standing like Leonidas at Thermopylae and saying: "You shall not pass," the people, because of this heroism, have been aroused to act. In contrast to this heroic stand in Little Steel, we have found Big Steel joining with the racketeers and, by increasing prices, collecting for both the racketeers and themselves from their victims, the public.

It is high time for patriotic citizens of every community to take an active interest in helping the better element among working people fight this attempt to make of American labor a pawn for a gigantic labor racket and political bargain.

Put yourself in the other fellow's place. What would you do, if, after you had been threatened, bullied, and abused by personal attacks, after your work had been sabotaged and your tools stolen — all to force you to join an organization you knew to be a racket — suppose then a highly respected friend told you that you were destroying democratic ideals and would likely wreck the government if you did not quit your work and aid those who had been guilty of this persecution? What would you think of such advice after your friend had already stated that "there is still too much racketeering in certain unions?"

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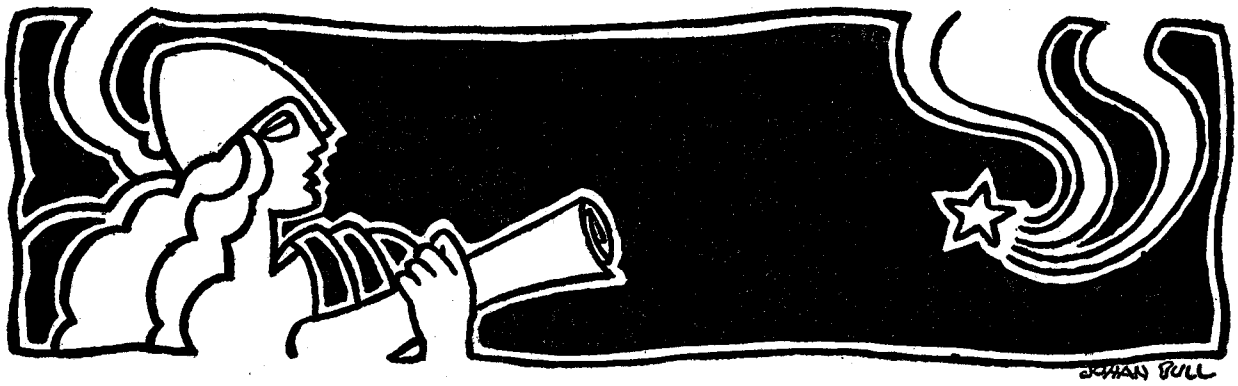

What Good Are FINISHING SCHOOLS?

by **MARIAN CASTLE**

Most of us in the unleisured class are too busy to become exercised over the peculiarities of the rich. Our attitude, if we have any at all, is: "Let them have their yachts and racing stables and coming-out parties if they want them. After all, it's none of our business." And among their expensive but harmless foibles we have probably classed the fashionable "finishing" schools that their daughters attend.

But the American finishing school of today is not harmless and it *is* our business. In view of the queasy uncertainty of the whole political and economic world, it is of growing concern to us what sort of outlook is given to young women who possess one great fortune, are getting ready to marry another, and will, in due time, produce heirs to both.

The accounts of these damsels' weddings make front-page reading. And always they contain a phrase that goes something like this: "The bride is a graduate of Miss Hawknose's School for Girls." Or: "The bride attended the famous old Blueberry Hall."

But how do Miss Hawknose and Blueberry Hall fit these girls for their difficult roles? For they are not merely private citizens. Because of their money, they control the lives and livelihoods of thousands. Misuse of their power can not only bring hardships to those thousands but may even threaten the very system under which we live. To those of us with a sentimental stake in the *status quo* or to those of us who can find no political system on the counters of Europe that we would exchange for our own, faulty as our own may be, it suddenly becomes of moment how well or ill these young women are trained.

Exactly what is the nature of the schools that provide their training? They are Victorian survivals of the smuggest sort. They are citadels of snobbery. The training they give is an anachronism — an academic, economic, emotional, and social anachronism. They prepare the girl for a world that has ceased to exist. They might as well teach her to manage a hoop skirt with aplomb and then turn her loose garbed in slacks.

There are, in all, only twelve or fifteen really fashionable girls' schools in the country, regardless of the haughty advertising in certain smooth-paper magazines. They are located — with the exception of a couple of doubtful ones in the West — chiefly in Connecticut, Maryland, and Virginia. Their tuition fees range from $1,800 to $3,000 a year. Their courses of

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study are designed in most cases to take the place of high-school study, and an additional two years are sometimes offered. Only about 400 girls are graduated from them annually. But these 400 are potent financially; and yet their minds and opinions are shaped by institutions as out-of-date as a carriage block or a bustle.

But, instead of going the way of the carriage block or the bustle, they flourish. They flourish not because they have large endowments (the top schools have not a penny) but because they are straight business ventures with something to sell. This something is the one commodity that our public schools cannot offer — exclusiveness. And enough parents seem to be willing to buy it to enable the more rarefied finishing schools to continue indefinitely, blue-penciling their waiting lists and looking down their noses at all outsiders.

During the depression, it is true, finishing schools knew some anxious moments. For private schools (and that means the unfashionable as well as the fashionable) must depend for support on families with incomes of $5,000 a year and over. During the three-year period from 1931 to 1933, the number of families possessing both $5,000 incomes and children of school age dropped from 92,686 to 53,417. Exclusiveness became almost too costly. The directory *Private Schools* says that, beginning with the fall of 1931, appalling cancellations in private-school registrations took place; waiting lists evaporated; faculty salaries were slashed. Many weaker schools failed to open. And, to complete the debacle, virtually all the finishing schools in Paris closed their doors.

Least affected, of course, were the twelve or fifteen "best" schools. Today, better times have brought, along with strikes and installment buying and rent raising, the lively rejuvenation (but not the modernization) of finishing schools.

Horses!

"Private Schools" says of a certain swank Connecticut school that it "endeavors to maintain as nearly as possible the best spirit of the nineteenth century." This motto might be engraved on the portals of all upper-crust schools. It is this struggle to maintain the best spirit of the nineteenth instead of the twentieth century that makes them anachronisms today.

Great Britain has always been better at drawing caste lines than America, so these schools that exist by drawing caste lines have a strong British flavor. Because upper-class Britons are extremely horsy, these schools are horsy too. In fact, a girl unfortunate enough to be allergic to horses stands a poor chance of ever becoming a social arbiter. Her asthma will be her handicap.

Proof of this equine stress in the education of our debutantes may be found in *Private Schools*. It states that a certain lofty Connecticut school has a stable of half a hundred horses. Its indoor riding ring is said to be second in size only to that at West Point. "Posture and good seat bring admiration," remarks the directory.

A Virginia school, rated tops socially — perhaps because its tuition of $3,000 is the highest and its session of 30 weeks the shortest — owns 70 horses, with 30 more brought by the girls themselves. Here, "the Italian seat is taught by the Santini method." But the supreme cachet of this school consists in the fact that its headmistress is a Joint Master of Foxhounds and three of its alumnae Masters of Foxhounds. While the rest of the world frolics in shorts and halter-top bathing suits, the girls of this school are encouraged to hunt in side saddles, wearing draped habits!

Careers

Academically, finishing schools are anachronisms because they no longer finish. Once they completed a girl's training. Today they are, in most cases, only steppingstones to college.

The girls themselves have brought this about. They have insisted on being prepared for college, whether or not they choose to go on. Thus, finishing schools have been forced to compete with plebeian high schools in giving college-preparatory work. They have had to make over their curriculums with two goals in view — their traditional one of grooming a girl for the drawing room and their new one of grooming her for the College Entrance Examination Board.

Nowadays more than half the graduates of the fashionable schools pass these examinations, and over a fourth of them go on to college. Only one school, a famous old institution with a tuition of $1,800, has held out against

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this vulgar desire on the part of the girls for a higher education. In its catalogue it candidly states that "parents desiring the prescribed college-preparatory course should seek another school."

The rest have become hybrids, attempting both to finish and to prepare. Without endowments, they are put to it to compete with our finer tax-supported schools in terms of buildings and equipment. Laboratories and libraries cost money; so do superior teaching staffs.

In return for a tuition of from $1,800 to $3,000 a year, a finishing-school girl gets a good enough secondary education. There are usually excellent courses open to her in music, art, and play directing. And at the most exalted schools she can, of course, learn the Italian seat as taught by the Santini method. But the prime advantage of the finishing school, regardless of any pious disclaimers of parents, is exclusiveness. The thing she will *not* get is a realistic preparation for the life she is likely to lead.

Economically, her preparation for living is absurd. Finishing schools must have shut their eyes tight to every grim lesson of the depression — the realization that "money knows no home," that dynasties of wealth topple just as do dynasties of power. For these schools go blandly on, turning out a product as ignorant as a Jane Austen heroine of how to earn a living, to budget an income, to invest a legacy, or to understand a corporation report.

Less fashionable schools must try to prepare a girl for a variety of careers — teaching, business, the professions, marriage. But finishing schools need to prepare her for only one career. Within seven years after graduation the finishing-school girl is certain to be married. Yet, in spite of this inevitability, the finishing school teaches her little or nothing about the practical side of her future job. At a few schools she can learn something about cooking, sewing, and marketing; but none of them teaches her how to run an elaborate establishment on a large income or a modest establishment on a small income or how to care for or supervise the care of children. When she graduates, she carries a daisy, clover, or laurel chain but little in the way of knowledge about her future career — marriage.

Emotionally, she is even worse prepared for the job of wifehood. The faculty of the average finishing school is largely female, spinster, and inhibited. The student body is entirely female, nubile, and fenced in. The result is "crushes" — crushes on teachers and crushes on girls. Such emotional conditioning is scarcely a healthy basis for married love. The finishing-school attitude toward males is, tacitly, that they are fascinating, wily, and slightly sinister. Again, this is scarcely a wholesome outlook for a girl who will shortly establish a marriage partnership with one of these strange beings.

The Connecticut schools are almost unanimous in maintaining this attitude of dark suspicion toward the male sex. At one school it is impossible to obtain the school telephone number in the village or at the local telephone exchange. The only way a swain can storm this medieval cloister is to hire a messenger to carry his tidings to the campus. At another school the big event of the year is the German at which girls in trailing evening dresses dance with other girls in trailing evening dresses. Still another school unbends far enough to give occasional teas, to which boys are invited, where milk is the chief beverage served. A Maryland school with a tuition of $1,800 makes no such compromises with Satan. The presence of a young man on the campus is absolutely proscribed at all seasons for all reasons.

There are one or two schools which allow young men to come once a week for tea or once a year to a prom. But a finishing-school girl's only chance of really becoming acquainted with the dread sex is confined to vacation periods. Yet, immediately on graduation, this girl steps from the most chaperoned existence in America into the most sophisticated existence in America. She is either unprepared or wrongly prepared for her adult milieu. Is it any wonder that her marriage often fails? The divorce rate among the surtaxed is significantly high.

The middle-class girl who walks to high school every day with the boy from next door may not be able to nourish a sense of the exclusiveness of her school. And later, when she goes to a coeducational college and works over test tubes with young men and plays with them on tennis courts and flirts with them at dances, she may not be getting ready to make a brilliant marriage. But she is getting ready to make a lasting one.

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Playtime Is Over

However, the foregoing failures of the finishing school to prepare a girl affect only herself. But her wrong sociological training affects society at large. In a period when, as in Europe, aristocracy has been shot to death or taxed to death or, as in America, rudely jarred by the popular vote and the popular strike, the finishing school goes right on rearing her in an atmosphere of Tory security as smug as it is false.

This air-conditioned atmosphere bears no relation to the climate outside the school. In the first place the finishing-school girl's companions are selected by the most artificial standards possible. Parents deliberately send their daughter here to make sure that she will never meet any but the Right people. While it is true that at high school or college her wealth might restrict her intimates to girls of her own class, yet occasionally she would rub elbows with barbers' daughters and Jewesses and girls on scholarships and Chinese and other exotic beings. At the Best schools, never.

Equally artificial is the studied simplicity of the finishing school. At first glance it may seem wholesome. But sharper scrutiny shows it to be a rank pose, smacking a little too much of Marie Antoinette swinging a milk pail. Picture a girl whose parents are paying $3,000 for a 30-week term sleeping on a porch in a sleeping bag between blankets without sheets and wearing flannel pajamas. Or, as in other schools, attending classes in rooms boasting a British chill, garbed in either the plainest of uniforms or rough corduroy skirts and jackets. Many of these unendowed schools are structures of surpassing ugliness. A few have really handsome drawing rooms. Often, the less exclusive the school, the better the physical equipment.

But the most dangerous aspect of the finishing-school girl's existence is her abysmal ignorance of all political and social problems. She is ignorant even of the forces that threaten her own snug tenure of privilege — strikes and inheritance taxes and governmental paternalism. If she experiences any feeling of social responsibility, it is of the lace-mitt period when ladies carried jellies to the sick and scraped lint for wounded soldiers.

In one Connecticut school, she sews in a Dorcas society for a mission. In a Virginia school that prides itself on being modern, she "does good," under the direction of a social worker, to the needy children of the countryside. She is expected to earn $5 for them, to sew for them, and to give them Christmas presents. Here ends her contact with the underprivileged. Most of the other schools let the problems of the Lower Classes remain the problems of the Lower Classes.

Anachronisms may be dangerous as well as silly. As an educational anachronism, the finishing school is only silly, now that it has had to become a competitor of the vulgar and better equipped high school. In its economic preparation of a girl for her job as a wife, it is merely inept. And the unwholesome emotional outlook it gives her for marriage harms only herself.

It is with its failure to prepare her for the political and sociological aspects of her ticklish role in economic royalty that we need concern ourselves. Here the finishing school ceases to be merely funny and becomes a potential menace. For the fortunes of the unleisured in America are inextricably tangled with the fortunes of the leisured. And we should find only a hollow amusement in reflecting — if these Tory schools actually proved a factor in dislocating our present mode of life — that the finishing school helped finish the very social order it both fattened on and glorified.

In an early issue:
"I'm Not Sending My Son to College,"
by James Carroll

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You Bet Your Life!

How Much Will an Accident Cost You?

by **V. A. LESLIE AND T. J. QUINN**

HARRY DENTON was whistling as his four-year-old roadster rattled along the road. The boss had just given him a raise; business was picking up; and he was on his way in the dusk to see the one and only girl.

He swung around a curve. A milk truck loomed up in the opposite lane, and just then a car cut out from behind the truck. Harry jammed on the brakes, instinctively stuck out his hand, jerked it in again, reached for the emergency brake. God, wouldn't that line open up and let the idiot in? The shoulder was narrow, a railroad track below. He edged over to the right. His car hit the gravel, swerved to the left. The other car was on top of him; he ducked his head.

Crash!

WHO PAYS THE BILL?

MILLIONS of people have read "And Sudden Death." Hardly a day goes by but the newspapers feature a tragic accident.

AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES REACH
HIGH PEAK OF 37,000 IN 1937

INCREASE IN AUTO ACCIDENTS
ATTRIBUTED TO ALCOHOL,
SAYS SAFETY EXPERT

Such headlines and the appalling stories that accompany them are commonplace.

But who buries the dead? Who cares for their wives and children? How do the injured pay their hospital bills? Can the crippled reestablish themselves in the business world? These are the untold stories.

It sounds like an insurance man talking, doesn't it? But these are the hard, cold facts!

Remedial legislation has been tried. Speed limits, driving licenses, stop-and-go signals, boulevard "stop" streets followed one another in rapid succession. Recently, safety campaigns have been emphasized. But such measures are ineffective. If they eliminated accidents, the problem would be solved. But accidents continue to increase.

The economic loss increases proportionately. Last year, it amounted to approximately $1,660,000,000. Half this sum represented loss of life and injuries, the other half property damage. If apportioned equally, each of the 28,000,000 motorists in the country would have paid $60 as his share. This is five times the average registration fee.

Who pays the bill? Someone does, directly or indirectly. Usually it is the injured party himself or his family, relatives, friends, or employer; sometimes private charity or the public relief agencies. Less frequently, it is the party causing the injury or an insurance company.

Twenty-five years ago, the motorist carried insurance as a matter of course. He was a man of means; he could ill afford the consequences of a damage suit. Such a suit might wreck his business; he might lose his home. Today the situation is quite different. The typical car owner is a wage earner. He has no appreciable assets; he cannot respond in damages. True, the injured person may obtain a judgment, but recovery is another matter.

This was demonstrated in a Columbia University study made in 1932. It showed that the injured party fails to collect any compensation in eight out of every ten accidents involving uninsured drivers, and he obtains only partial compensation in part of the remaining cases. The general conclusion was that the chances of recovering damages from uninsured motorists are negligible. Records of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters showed that three fourths of the motoring public carried no insurance at that time. The situation is probably not much different today.

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The great majority of injured persons cannot afford a retainer and court fees. They must enter into a contingent contract under which attorney and client usually share equally in the award. To obtain such an award, the injured person must not only prove negligence on the part of the driver but also demonstrate his own freedom from negligence. Competent witnesses are indispensable. Quite frequently there is none. Or witnesses may have left the scene of the accident before their names were obtained. Legal procedure is involved and time-consuming. Court records show that half of such cases are still unsettled at the end of six months. In cases which actually go to trial, the delay ranges from one to three years.

Other groups sustain economic loss. A Connecticut study showed that physicians maintaining offices near congested highways devote a great deal of time to accident victims. They scarcely ever are paid for such services and in addition they are required to attend court and give testimony without adequate compensation.

A garrulous driver expresses the viewpoint of many of the uninsured: "What the h——! It costs too much to insure. I'm a good driver. I've never had an accident in ten years of driving. I haven't anything. If anybody gets a judgment against me, I'll go through bankruptcy!"

Financial responsibility is rapidly becoming a social obligation. Attempts are continually being made to protect the public without unduly penalizing the motorist. The ideal is equitable distribution of the cost of accidents among all automobile owners. Some motorists with favorable operating records will object to such a program. Their opposition can be overcome by "experience rating."

The Financial-Responsibility Law

The financial-responsibility law was the first attempt to solve this problem. It was originally adopted in Connecticut in 1925. It spread rapidly, now being in effect in 28 States.

Although these laws vary considerably in form and detail, they are similar in their essential features. A driver's license is suspended, and his registration plates recalled whenever he becomes involved in a serious accident or a major infraction of the traffic laws. His right to drive is not restored until he provides satisfactory proof of his financial responsibility. If a judgment is obtained against him, he is prohibited from driving until it is satisfied.

The financial-responsibility law becomes operative only after the driver's first accident. State motor-vehicle administrators commonly refer to it as "locking the stable after the horse has been stolen." Such laws serve to emphasize the injustice of permitting a motorist to become involved in an accident before requiring him to provide proof of financial responsibility. In one State, proof of responsibility is not required until after the driver has had two minor accidents.

Although these laws tend to segregate careless drivers, this effect is only incidental. They are intended to penalize the motorist for past accidents and guarantee responsibility for future ones.

Serious problems arise in their administration. Constitutional difficulties hamper their effective enforcement. The motor-vehicle administrator was originally intended to exercise considerable discretion. The courts have held that administrative officers may not be permitted such latitude. Other questions of constitutionality remain undetermined. One is the standard provision for suspending a motorist's driving license until a court judgment is satisfied.

Compulsory Insurance

The second approach was compulsory insurance. It was adopted in Massachusetts in 1926.

This plan has been widely publicized. Under it, the car owner must file an insurance policy or a cash bond before registration plates are issued.

Objections are advanced to it. It encourages accidents. It increases the number of claims and burdens the courts with litigation. It increases insurance premiums. Then there is the political aspect. The State fixes insurance rates. Insurance companies are forced to assume risks which they consider inacceptable. Agents' commissions have been reduced. Agents are financing the purchase of automobile plates for their clients and are fostering installment payment of insurance premiums. Ambitious office seekers find the rate zoning system attractive.

The maze of conflicting evidence makes it

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exceedingly difficult to segregate the essential facts. The majority of commissions in other States which have investigated the Massachusetts plan have not been too favorably impressed.

Does compulsory insurance encourage accidents? Does it make drivers careless? What are the facts? The Massachusetts fatality rate is half the average for the country. Its record is better than that of any other New England State except Rhode Island.

Does compulsory insurance increase the number of claims? Massachusetts residents filed proportionately more claims even before adoption of compulsory insurance. But the average amount claimed was less than in other States, and this condition has continued.

Has it increased litigation? At first, court calendars were jammed. That difficulty has now been overcome by improvements in court procedure. In 1935, 2,000 fewer cases were entered than in 1925, the year before compulsory insurance became effective.

Court congestion may have been inevitable. Compulsory insurance unquestionably accelerated the normal increase in automobile accident litigation. In New York State these accidents account for 56 per cent of all litigation. A Connecticut commission believes compulsory insurance increases the number of claims because it makes motorists financially responsible.

Some fraudulent claims are filed in Massachusetts. Because the compulsory insurance does not cover property damage, unscrupulous motorists file claims for injuries such as "nervous shock" and "inability to keep mind on work." The money they obtain is used to repair damaged fenders and broken bumpers. Such spurious claims directly affect all motorists, through increased premium rates. The cost of investigating these small claims is disproportionately high, representing 36 cents of every premium dollar. A Maine legislative investigation indicated that unethical practices by the legal and medical professions have aggravated this condition.

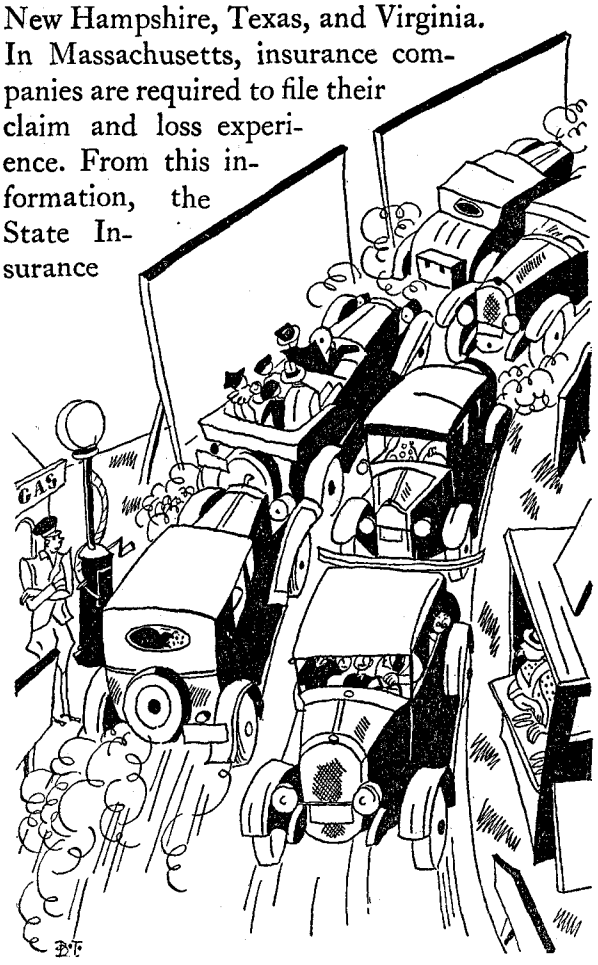
Does compulsory insurance mean higher premiums? They have increased in Massachusetts. But they have increased in other States as well. In New Jersey the increase has been greater than in Massachusetts. In Connecticut it has been almost as great.

Insurance rates in Massachusetts are, in general, no higher than in the neighboring State of Connecticut. The rate in Springfield, Massachusetts, is $40 as contrasted with $42 in Hartford, Connecticut, a comparable commercial city. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, and New Haven, Connecticut, both college towns, the rate is $54. In Lowell, Massachusetts, the rate is $44 as compared with $42 in New Britain, Connecticut, a comparable industrial city. In Waterbury, Connecticut, a similar industrial city, the rate is $60.

More accurate rating is probably possible in Massachusetts because all cars are insured. Operators of insured vehicles represent a typical cross section of the motoring public. In other States, they usually constitute an above-average group in both driving skill and financial resources.

Countrywide adoption of the Massachusetts plan would impose an additional financial burden on motorists who now carry no insurance. Current estimates indicate it would cost them $825,000,000 annually.

Massachusetts is one of the four States which set insurance rates. The other three are New Hampshire, Texas, and Virginia. In Massachusetts, insurance companies are required to file their claim and loss experience. From this information, the State Insurance



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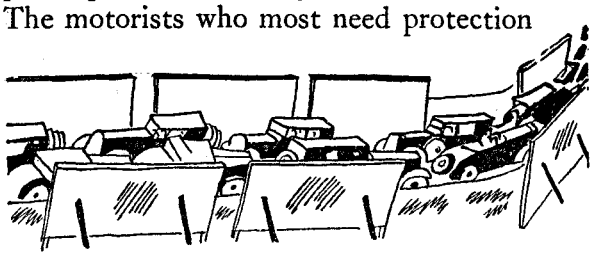
Department determines the rates for the ensuing year. A Connecticut commission found this the most objectionable feature of the Massachusetts plan.

Government rate setting is not a necessary feature of compulsory insurance. Such insurance has been in effect in Great Britain since 1930, but the insurance companies still set their own rates.

Stock companies contend that the rates fixed by the Massachusetts Insurance Commissioner are inadequate to cover their costs of operation. But mutual companies pay policyholders sizable dividends. The largest mutual company operating in the state has paid twenty-per-cent dividends for the past several years.

In Massachusetts, the insurance companies are forced to assume risks which they consider inacceptable. Adequate underwriting profits depend on careful selection of risks. Extreme regard for this factor may, however, defeat the ultimate objective of insurance, which is public protection through distribution of losses. The motorists who most need protection



are probably undesirable underwriting risks. In Massachusetts, these less desirable risks are apportioned among the various companies in proportion to the relative volume of business transacted in the State.

Compulsory insurance directly affects the agents. In Massachusetts they originally favored it because it promised an immediate increase in premium volume. Subsequent experience diminished their enthusiasm. Agents' commissions were reduced from 25 per cent — still the figure in other States — to 12 per cent. The assumption was that the compulsory feature automatically eliminates much of the cost of solicitation.

To obtain additional business, and hold what they now have, agents have developed undesirable practices. Some agents advance prospective clients the money required for registering their automobiles. Others permit premium payments in installments.

Political considerations enter into determination of rating zones. Originally the State was divided into 21 zones, each with a different premium rate. Recently the number has been reduced to 9. Each zone contains several towns, and rates vary as between adjoining areas. Candidates for public office are prone to promise voters lower insurance rates if they are elected.

Massachusetts compulsory insurance has apparently accomplished the original objective of its sponsors. It has made drivers financially responsible. Many innocent persons have been compensated for injuries for which they otherwise would have been unable to collect damages. This plan may not reach all motorists or cover all injuries. But in February, 1937, a legislative committee recommended its adoption in Maine.

On September 1, 1937, New Hampshire inaugurated an unusually stringent financial-responsibility law which virtually requires compulsory insurance. Any owner possessing a car on which there is a lien or a mortgage and every driver involved in an accident causing personal injury or property damage in excess of $25 must file an insurance policy with conventional five and ten limits or deposit securities in an equivalent amount.

Accident Compensation

A compensation plan comparable to workmen's compensation has been suggested as a third possibility. It is being sponsored by a committee of prominent lawyers and civic leaders. Three possibilities exist: (1) insurance with a private company, (2) insurance with a State fund, or (3) both private insurance and a competitive State fund.

Such a plan is intended to provide adequate compensation and also eliminate the negligence factor. Its proponents also contend that it will minimize the delay in adjudication of accident claims.

A Connecticut commission believes this plan provides the ultimate solution to the problem of financial responsibility.

Medical and surgical care would be provided, and a cash compensation award made in the event of death or total disability. All losses, except those willfully incurred, would be covered, regardless of contributory negligence.

Such a trend already seems to be in evidence

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in Massachusetts. Studies made in Boston and Worcester show that insurance companies are becoming more lenient in their attitude toward contributory negligence.

Payment would be based on severity of injury and the earning capacity of the victim. Reasonable medical and funeral expenses would be allowed, subject to a maximum established by law. These questions would be decided by a State board, which it is believed would minimize costly delay.

It is estimated that the benefits now provided under the Massachusetts workmen's compensation law could be made available at 98 per cent of the current cost of compulsory liability insurance.

Legislative proposals in Connecticut and New Hampshire are first steps toward this goal. Increased registration and driving-license fees would be used to establish a State insurance fund. In Connecticut, it is estimated that a $2 additional registration fee would provide $750,000 annually. In New Hampshire, the driving-license fee would be increased $1, and the registration fee $5. Each motorist would be required to pay these additional fees before obtaining registration plates, unless he filed an insurance policy or posted a cash bond.

The cost of injuries or damage caused by a driver who had paid these fees would be met from the fund. He would be prohibited from registering or operating a motor vehicle until the fund was reimbursed.

Under the New Hampshire plan, claims for less than $50 would not be considered. To discourage spurious claims, a filing fee of $10 would be required. The claimant would automatically waive his right to sue for damages. Constitutional provisions customarily guarantee the right to sue in a court of law. Legislation permitting selection of one of two possible courses of action has, however, been upheld. In New Hampshire, claims would be limited to $3,000 and in Connecticut to $300.

Under the New Hampshire plan, cases would be heard by a three-man commission: the State insurance commissioner, the motor-vehicle administrator, and an assistant attorney general. These individuals would serve without pay, but would be allowed necessary traveling expenses.

Definite advantages are claimed for such a plan. It is expected to cost very little, thereby appealing to the motorist of modest means. It would completely eliminate court litigation, thus speeding up appreciably the settlement of claims.

It is also contended that it will discourage spurious claims. A trial jury is always inclined to render sizable verdicts against insurance companies and well-to-do motorists. It is conceivable that competent administrative officials may be able to weigh the relative merits of individual cases more dispassionately. If these results are attained, fewer claims will be filed, and insurance rates will be reduced. A certain number of false claims are inevitable under such a plan, just as under workmen's compensation.

The plan will have political implications. The administrative commission will in all probability be appointed by the governor. The complicated Massachusetts zone rating system will, however, be unnecessary.

This plan embodies certain desirable features of the financial-responsibility law. The driver who fails to satisfy an award by the commission will be prohibited from driving. In this sense, it will be a safety measure.

Evolutionary development of the New Hampshire proposal probably leads ultimately to a full-fledged compensation plan. The latter completely abolishes the doctrine of contributory negligence, thus providing more adequate coverage than compulsory insurance.

Reality

Harry Denton woke up in a strange bed in a strange room. He couldn't move. He was in excruciating pain.

After several days he was permitted to see visitors for a few minutes. His friends came, his mother and his girl, also his boss and his boss's lawyer. They told him his car was a total loss. The man who hit him had been drunk, and his license was suspended. Later it was revoked because he was financially irresponsible.

Six months after the accident, this victim left the hospital. One arm dangled at his side. He wasn't much good as a machinist now. He got another job — tending cars on a parking lot. He also broke his engagement.

The other driver was brokenhearted, and he wrote Harry a very sincere letter saying he was sorry.

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Mobilizing the Innocents

Communism Behind the Scenes

by **JAMES RORTY**

In 1917 Eugene V. Debs went to Atlanta for opposing the war which, in the proclamations of President Wilson, was to make the world safe for democracy against the menace of German militarism. Twenty years later Earl Browder, leader of the Communist Party of America and American representative of the Stalinist dictatorship in Russia, tells a red-hunting committee that he would gladly shoulder a gun in a war waged by our capitalist government, allied with other democratic nations, to make the world safe for democracy against the threat of German, Italian, and Japanese fascism.

Browder said that because the Moscow foreign office told him to say it. He has no other responsibility or function except to repeat and implement Stalin's directives. Today, those directives are to use every possible means of mobilizing labor, middle-class, and liberal-intellectual sentiment in support of Moscow's present strategy, which is to involve America in the next war on the side of the Soviet Union. In 1916 and 1917 it was the British propaganda service and the American bankers who, with their controlled press, played the role of Judas goat leading the bewildered masses of American workers and middle-class people, including middle-class pacifists, to the slaughter. Today it is the American Communist Party with its "solar system" of puppet "innocent clubs" and controlled organization which is playing this role — with savage intensity and utter unscrupulousness.

If you think of the Communist Party as a negligible political faction of only 50,000 members, you have literally no conception of the spread, the influence, the present and probable future effectiveness of this effort. In his report to the eighth convention of the Communist Party of America in April, 1934, Browder said:

> If we make a conservative estimate of the total membership of mass organizations around the Party and under its influence, allowing for possible duplication of membership, we will see that we have approximately 500,000 individual supporters in these organizations. Compared with the estimated 300,000 at the time of our 7th Convention (1930) this is not quite a doubling of our organized supporters.

It should be remembered that this gain was achieved during the Party's "third period" phase of intense sectarianism, guided by Stalin's brilliant discovery that everybody who was not a communist or communist sympathizer — especially socialists and members of other radical opposition groups — was "objectively" a fascist. During this period Communist Party members and "stooges" wrought havoc throughout the American labor movement.

In 1934 the line changed. "Social-fascism" was discarded in favor of the "united front," with all and sundry against fascism; in due course the united front became the "people's front" and, finally, in France, the "national front," to which Communist leaders invite the adherence of avowed fascist elements.

In America, the Party has thrown overboard everything that Marx and Lenin ever thought, wrote, or did. Today, if one believes

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its official pronouncements, the Party stands with Washington and Lincoln for Americanism, progress, prosperity — and "peace." Peace through sanctions. Peace through the League of Nations, which Lenin called the "thieves' kitchen." Peace through the alliance of the imperialist "have" powers against the fascist "have nots." Despite the recent poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion, which showed a national average of 69 per cent of Americans standing firm for neutrality, a substantial and apparently increasing body of liberal opinion can still be taken in by this line. Urged on by a stream of cables from Moscow, the official and controlled communist press yells louder than anybody else for sanctions. The Party's "solar system" of "innocent clubs," immensely expanded since 1934 by the pliant opportunism of the people's front, passes resolutions almost as with one voice, endorsing President Roosevelt's Chicago speech. And in the van of this dismally familiar parade toward war prances the Party's prize Judas goat: the American League Against War and Fascism.

The Big Stooge

Undoubtedly you have heard of the League. Perhaps you are even a member, directly or through one of its numerous affiliated groups. A more appropriate name for this organization might be the American League *for* War and Fascism.* It is perhaps the largest of some 300 Stalinist-controlled flocks of innocents which today graze the woods and templed hills of America and drink at the rills of Stalin's truth. The American League Against War and Fascism is one of the two principal instruments on which Moscow relies in its present drive to bring America into the coming war on the side of the Soviet Union; the other is the increasing penetration of the C.I.O. by members and stooges of the Communist Party.

All these organizations follow the zigzags of the Communist Party's line as closely as a fever chart follows the registration of the thermometer in the patient's mouth. All of them have party "fractions" busy with Judas-goat tasks of foreseeing and aborting revolts and deviations within the membership. And, since the red or pink Judas goats are relieved of scruple by their possession of revealed truth, these organizations are pretty much at the mercy of the tactics of instrumental lying, intrigue, and violence which have been Stalin's almost from the beginning of his career and which are today the tactics of every Stalinist section throughout the world.

But these, you will say, are fascist tactics. Exactly. Soviet Russia today is based on the foundation of socialization laid by the "October revolution," and the foundation has not yet been wholly destroyed by the Russian "Thermidor" under Stalin. But the methods of the Stalinist bureaucracy in Russia and throughout the world are not socialist methods, Marxist methods, Leninist methods. They are identical with the methods of Mussolini and of Hitler.

These methods were used to silence the opposition of genuine antiwar radicals at the First United States Congress Against War, held in the fall of 1933, at which the American League Against War and Fascism was organized. The *Daily Worker* of October 2, 1933, shows this clearly enough in its account of the proceedings:

> A member of the Lovestone clique that had been expelled from the Communist Party, Zam, rushed forward to nominate Lovestone as a member of the Presiding Committee. His proposal was drowned in a thunderous roar of disapproval by the assembled delegates.
>
> Later in the day Roger Baldwin . . . demanded that the Lovestone nomination be again considered by the Congress in order he said "to be true to the symbol of true unity."
>
> As murmurs of indignation rose rapidly through the hall, Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist Party, rose to speak.
>
> "Comrades," he cried, as his first words were overwhelmed in a mighty storm of approving applause, "This issue has no proper place at the Congress. We are not here to elevate into importance before the masses little groups of renegades whose purpose in coming here is part of their moral preparation for intervention against the Soviet Union."

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* Author's Note: — *The American League Against War and Fascism held its fourth congress at Pittsburgh, November 26–28, just as this article was going to press. The major decisions of the congress were: first, to change the name of the League to the American League for Peace and Democracy; second, to accept the withdrawal of the Communist Party from affiliation. As the* New Republic *remarked in its issue of December 8, this action "removes the anomaly of connection with a single political party." The writer may be permitted to doubt that the official withdrawal of the Communist Party will in any way affect the continuing control of the rechristened organization by Communist Party members, stooges, and affiliated "innocent clubs." In fact the writer ventures to predict that the adherence of the League to the Communist Party "line" will be as strict in the future as in the past — barring an internal revolt, which is scarcely to be expected.*

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This, as all the assembled Party Judas goats and stooges knew very well, was just wordy camouflage. The lying amalgam was then *Lovestoneite-capitalist interventionist.* As used today both in the League and throughout the Party's solar system of "innocent clubs" whenever opposition stirs its head, the amalgam is now *Trotskyite – Lovestoneite – counterrevolutionary – wrecker – terrorist – agent-of-Franco-and-the-Mikado-and-Hearst.*

False Fronts

With this salubrious beginning, the Party's pious work of eliminating the more sophisticated political elements proceeded merrily, with the result that gradually all the left opposition parties and groups, including the Socialists, have withdrawn from the League, leaving only the Party Judas goats, stooges, and sympathizers plus an easily manipulated rabble of church pacifists, Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and other innocents. Today, when the League speaks, the face may be that of Christian pacifism, but the voice is the voice of Earl Browder, echoing the latest Moscow line.

Said Browder in the *Daily Worker* of the day following the President's Chicago speech:

> The Communist Party welcomes the President's declaration of a positive peace policy for the United States. There is not the slightest doubt that it embodies the essential features of what is the only way by which America can be kept out of war. Such a policy has been called for by the Communist Party as well as by all clear-headed peace advocates.

It is perhaps worth while to remark that Browder's head, whether clear or muddled, would have been amputated instantly by cable from Moscow if he had said anything else.

The same is true of the perhaps genuinely muddled head of Joseph Pass, editor of *Fight,* national organ of the American League Against War and Fascism, who promptly penned an editorial for the November issue, from which the following excerpts are quoted:

> The people's desire for peace can be realized only through the militant safeguarding of Democracy and the projection of an immediate program to halt the war-maker's aggressive policies. The President's proposal to quarantine the invading aggressors is welcomed enthusiastically by all socially-minded peoples who understand the difference between Democracy and Fascism and are not merely four-o'clock peace tea drinkers. The indications that "we will cooperate with the other signers of the nine-power treaty in upholding its pledge of the independence and integrity of China" (American League wire direct to the President) is another step in the direction of peace. To prevent the aggressor in China and Spain from using our resources and to change our neutrality legislation so that the attacked, in this case China and Spain, will not be handicapped, is the initial step in keeping our country free from the pestilence of fascism.

The writer is aware that in addressing middle-class audiences he tends too frequently to employ premises and assumptions which, while based on facts that are the common knowledge of all persons active in radical movements (including the Stalinists, although their role is now reactionary), are likely to bewilder persons who lack this familiarity. Unfortunately my space is limited, and I must be content with reference. For a remarkably thorough analysis and exposure of the American League Against War and Fascism, read the mimeographed brochure issued in 1936 by Hillman M. Bishop, from which much of the material here quoted is taken. For a fascinating story of the evolution of the Stalinist dictatorship, including the increasingly arbitrary and disastrous control exercised over the Communist International, read Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia;* also *The Case of Leon Trotsky,* which is the report, recently published by Harper & Bros., of the preliminary hearings held in Mexico City by the commission headed by John Dewey to inquire into the Moscow "trials." One might also mention Trotsky's brilliant *The Revolution Betrayed* and *The Stalinist School of Falsification,* Victor Serge's *Twenty Years,* and C. L. James's *World Revolution.* Liberals who fail to familiarize themselves with some, at least, of this literature will scarcely be able to understand the realities of contemporary politics either foreign or domestic, because the Stalinist Judas goats have trampled everywhere and fouled, in one way or another, the very language of politics.

"Liberal" Journalism

I have concentrated on the American League Against War and Fascism, but a similar story might be told of almost any Stalinist "innocent club" (the phrase, incidentally, was originated by Willi Meunsenberg, a German Stalinist). Week by week and month by month the radical opposition press, which few liberals ever see, chronicles ably and accurately for the most part the most scandalous performances of the Stalinist Judas goats on both the labor

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and "intellectual" fronts. Unquestionably the increasing penetration of the C.I.O. by Stalinist members and stooges has as one of its primary objectives that of ensuring labor's "loyalty" in the event of America's participation in the next war on the side of the Soviet Union. Unquestionably the huge effort expended by the Stalinist apparatus on keeping its "intellectual front" of writers, publicists, and teachers in line has a similar objective.

Last spring I exposed, in the *Socialist Call*, the farce of the last Congress of American Writers, called by a well-known Stalinist innocent club — the League of American Writers — and designed to exploit the political unsophistication of a collection of eminent novelists, poets, critics, and commercial hacks, ranging from Archibald MacLeish and Van Wyck Brooks to Donald Ogden Stewart. I pointed out that invitations to the congress were not sent to any American writer who had ever taken sharp issue with the policies of the Communist Party. I intimated that a congress of American writers which deliberately excluded such people as Joseph Wood Krutch, Oswald Garrison Villard, Suzanne La Follette, Sidney Hook, Charles Rumford Walker, and Edmund Wilson — I of course received no invitation — and included scores of obscure but innocent or faithful nonentities couldn't fairly be called a congress of American writers. I pointed out that Waldo Frank, the chief luminary of the preceding congress and the President of the League of American Writers, had been dumped as soon as he intimated, in a letter to the *New Republic*, that perhaps the Moscow trials needed a little kindly investigation. I urged that the announced purpose of the congress — the support of the loyalist Government of Spain against the fascists — was no warrant for such exclusions, since all the people mentioned and many others similarly excluded had publicly espoused the loyalist cause, although some of them had criticized the strategy of the Spanish "people's front" and the Stalinists' role in that front.

In reply the *Daily Worker* dumped the customary pail of editorial filth over my head and printed a cartoon showing me receiving a fish at the hands of William Randolph Hearst. Doubtless both editorial and cut have been kept standing for later occasions, such as the publication of the present article.

Meanwhile the *Modern Monthly*, in its October issue, has printed the real story of the Stalinists' performance in Spain in an article by Anita Brenner. The article is backed by a dossier of documentary evidence, plus an alternate listing of the Spanish revolutionaries killed by the fascists and those later assassinated by Stalinist gangsters, some of them ex–Machado hoodlums imported from Cuba, after Moscow made its deal with Britain to abort the Spanish revolution as the price (which may never be paid) of a prospective British-Soviet alliance in the coming world war.

The Communist Party has its innocent clubs and its holding companies of innocent clubs — the American League Against War and Fascism is such a holding company. It has also its free-lance sympathizers and stooges who more or less faithfully execute the will of the "genial leader." Many if not most of the leading opinion-forming magazines have such persons on their staffs.

For example, Mr. Louis Fischer, the Russian and, later, the Spanish correspondent of the New York *Nation*, has never been precisely a harsh critic of the Stalinist regime, and he is an intimate of Party leaders in this country. The result has been, in the opinion of the writer, that neither the Moscow trials nor the events in Spain have been fairly reported or commented on. Indeed, a group of regular *Nation* contributors has recently felt obliged to address to the editors a joint letter calling for a more honest policy.

As for the *New Republic*, its efforts for the past year and a half to condone, minimize, and gloss over the clear evidence that the Moscow trials were frame-ups and that the Stalinists in

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Spain have practiced systematic gangsterism have become little short of pathetic. Yet the *New Republic* has stated and defended very ably the cause of neutrality as against the Stalinist line and the trend represented by the President's Chicago speech. The "contradiction," as Marxists are accustomed to put it, is staggering, and in explanation one can only suppose that the *New Republic* suffers from editorial schizophrenia.

The prevailing ignorance and innocence of the liberal public is such that it can't recognize a stooge when it sees one. This ignorance enabled the Stalinists to give wide currency to the impression that the Mexico City hearings conducted by the committee of inquiry into the Moscow trials, headed by John Dewey, were a "farce," and in this effort they were ably seconded by a Mexico City correspondent for the *New York Times* (whose editor on at least one occasion felt obliged to reprove its correspondent for his patently biased dispatches). The verbatim report of the hearings, since published by Harper as *The Case of Leon Trotsky*, amply proves the justice of Dr. Dewey's statement that there were false accusations made against the commission and that, far from being a farce, the hearings were ably and honestly conducted. Few journalists would have so little regard for their reputations as to risk being called a liar by John Dewey.

The Next War

One does not question the right of Stalinists and Stalinist sympathizers to have their say in print and on the platform. One objects strenuously to their dishonest camouflages and their methods of systematic falsification. And one is frankly terrified by the increasing difficulty of getting the true facts concerning crucially important issues before the American public. Today, with the drive toward war just beginning in this country, one has almost to write a book to get heard and even in the publishers' offices one risks being butted by Judas goats of one sort or another.

By the general consensus of liberal opinion today, the last war was a costly mistake. We did not make the world safe for democracy. We did help to plant the seeds of fascism and of the next war. We did undermine the foundations of our own democracy.

If Debs could have kept us out of the last war — remember, he stood almost alone, with nearly the whole pack of preachers and "pacifists" raving for war without stint against the "Huns" — we'd have been better off today as a people and more secure as a democracy. Does any informed and intelligent person really believe that our participation in the war which has already begun in Spain and China will net us anything but disaster? When "M day" comes, the War Department, by its own announced plan, will leap into the saddle. Civil liberties will vanish overnight. Labor will be "regimented." And when the new armistice day is declared, whether to celebrate victory or defeat, the war dictatorship will in all probability remain in power during the brief period necessary for fascism, by whatever name it is called, to destroy all that is left of American liberties, of American democratic institutions.

It is in this perspective that I ask the readers of this magazine to view the current war mongering from the left. You reject the bitter pessimism of my prediction. But stop, look, listen. These things I am saying are commonplaces made bitterly familiar to every honest radical, whether worker or intellectual, who has followed the degeneration of the Communist Party in Russia and throughout the world since Lenin's death. Your friend, neighbor, or acquaintance — the nearest Stalinist stooge or innocent — will tell you that I express merely the hallucinations of sectarian "splinter groups," and, depending on the degree of your political sophistication, he may add that I and those who agree with me are "Trotsky-fascist-counterrevolutionary wreckers and terrorists."

Nonsense. I am a journalist and an ex-soldier. I have and will continue to have my quarrels with Trotskyists as well as Stalinists and fascists. I am not a member of any political party. One cause is enough for me: the truth. I think I know more than most liberals; in fact I know I know more. And I am glad to take my stand with John Dewey:

> Unwillingness to face the unpleasant is the standing weakness of liberals. They are only too likely to be brave when things are going smoothly and then to shirk when unpleasant conditions demand decision and action. I cannot believe that a single genuine liberal would, if he once faced the alternatives, hold that persecution and falsification are a sound basis upon which to build an enduring Socialist Society.

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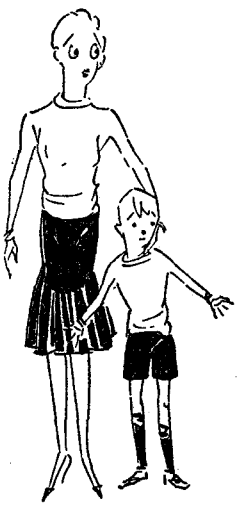
The Children of a Behaviorist

by **AMBROSE X. JOHNSTON**

"It is what happens to individuals after birth that makes one a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, another a diplomat, a thief, a successful business man or a far famed scientist."

So said John B. Watson, the founder of behaviorism — and I accepted his teachings with the fervor of a new disciple. But that was a dozen years ago, when I was just out of a great Eastern graduate school where the members of the department of psychology strongly supported Watson's doctrine that personality is primarily a compound of conditionings and habits, hereditary traits in humans being either nonexistent or inconsequential.



I had once, it is true, tried to teach a young black Scotch sheep dog to quit chasing automobiles. Yet, in spite of my best efforts at "negative conditioning" with scoldings, chains, and missiles, the pup would crouch low to the ground as a car approached, wait until it was opposite him, and then strike out after it at 30 miles an hour. Now this puppy had been isolated from other dogs at an early age and had never in his entire life seen any dog run after a vehicle, yet his pattern of behavior was precisely the same as I had observed among his car-chasing kinfolk. Heredity was the winner!

But this, I said, was only a dog; human beings are quite different. The marvelous plasticity of the nervous system of Homo sapiens and his freedom from hampering instincts make him more nearly a *tabula rasa*, or clean slate, than even John Locke had in mind when he popularized that concept back in the seventeenth century. This plasticity or capacity to learn is — so I explained to my students — the chief justification for Watson's famous challenge:

> Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to be any type of specialist I might select — doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief, and, yes, even beggar-man and thief — regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors.

This, I was forced to admit, was going rather far, even with Watson's qualifications that the children be normal and that he have full control over them.

Yet babies, I had been taught, give evidence of very little hereditary behavior. Generally they have to *learn* to cry and to feed, although some enterprising specimens do pick up these rather useful tricks before they are born. If, then, there are any truly inborn traits, they are of significance only *in utero* or in very early infancy before experience has "conditioned," or modified, the individual. Such are the teachings of the behaviorists!

II

When son John arrived and started on his task of trying to make a psychologist out of me. As the neighbors observed, he was "a

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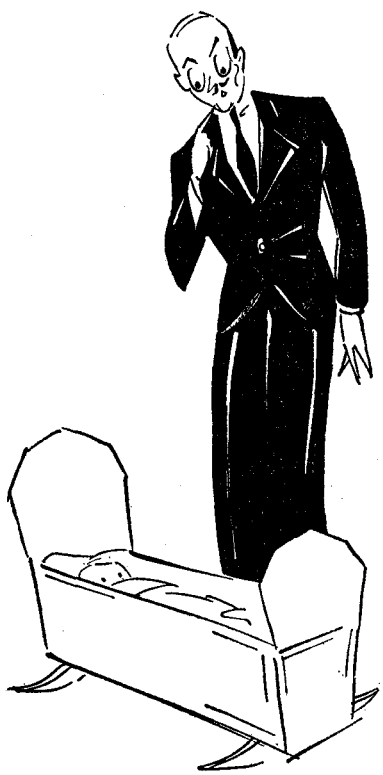
quiet baby." For hours he would sit and gaze far beyond the horizon, almost oblivious of what was going on around him. Now, neither is Mary, my wife, nor am I distinguished for calmness or for silence; we are rather excitable and fairly talkative. How did John learn his peaceful solemnity? Is it "merely a natural response to his environment"? We are not sure but we are certain that he very strongly resembles his maternal grandmother in his desire to sit and "rest his mind." What does he think about? We do not know. Rewards and entreaty have been alike unsuccessful in dragging from him any definite daydreams. The faraway look seems to be a mood, almost void of conscious images or percepts.



As he grew older John began to use this retreat into psychic distance as a defense against the disagreeable experiences of life. In times of trouble he lapses into silence and gazes out among the stars; apparently he does not even hear admonition or reproof. This is precisely the defense used by his grandmother. Her somewhat flippant husband once said that, when domestic storms arose, she would get an expression which reminded him of "a sick turkey looking at the sun." Then he could be fairly sure that the household was in for "three days of speechless weather."

Is not his grandmother the source of our John's trait of silence and subconscious daydreaming? Certainly he did not *learn* it from his parents. There is the possibility that he acquired it from his grandmother, who spends a part of each year with us. Apparently, however, she has had little influence upon her grandson. Besides, can a person learn from another such a characteristic as deep reverie? Is it not far more probable that John inherited the tendency from his grandmother's family, especially since several of its members are conspicuous for their moody silences?

And what is the explanation of John's fondness for a polysyllabic vocabulary? All the members of our family group talk simply and directly, but John dreams of being an architect who "constructs edifices" or a chemist who develops an "extraordinarily valuable compound." He's not yet ten years old.

I do have, however, a brother whose silences are usually broken by exceedingly formal speech. Once when this brother was called "fatty," a well-deserved epithet, he dragged the offender out of a car, threw him bodily over a fence, and was about to commit mayhem or manslaughter when the jester loudly begged for pardon. Still purple with anger, my brother reluctantly released his hold and then pronounced this solemn warning: "Hereafter, young man, confine your remarks to a less personal basis!"

As his wife said, amid hysterical laughter — nothing is so amusing to a woman as a good joke on her husband — "How could a man in a rage think of such words?"

That would be no mystery to our John; it is his usual manner of expressing himself. Sooner or later we expect him to come home with the complaint, "Bill propelled a missile that almost destroyed my left optic center." How did he get that way? Surely he could not have learned from my brother, who is only an occasional visitor in our home and a most uncommunicative one at that.

In short, careful observation of John's traits began to shake my faith in the wisdom of Watson. I found myself hedging when I described to my classes the behaviorists' beliefs about heredity. Perhaps there was the error of oversimplification in the blunt declaration that we can train a baby to be "with or without fear, to be sulky and temper-ridden or cheerful and sunny, to steal other people's property or to give it a holy respect. We can teach him to be an orator without knowing how to think, or a thinker without knowing how to orate."

Watching the children of the neighbors put other questions into my head. How did small Suzanne get to be such a scheming, crafty little

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miss, when her parents are so naïve? Why is James so self-confident and aggressive? His father is shy and retiring, and his mother is frail and sensitive. Did Carol get her sunny disposition from the father who died before she was born? Surely she did not acquire it from her contentious mother. When Professor Roe died and left two infant sons to be reared by his widow, why did one turn out to be agreeable, friendly, and reliable, like his mother, while the other proved to be selfish, quarrelsome, and irresponsible, like his dead father?

III

THE COMING of our daughter Alice did little to strengthen my waning faith in behaviorism. When she was about eighteen months old she began to have spasmodic seizures that made us fear epilepsy. Often from a minor injury and occasionally from disappointment she would cry violently, start holding her breath, and finally fall unconscious. After much inquiry we learned from a medical specialist that these attacks were hysterical rather than epileptic and were frequently observed among hypertension children. Finally Alice managed to outgrow or overcome her disorder without material aid from the doctors.

Then we were told that one of my aunts — who died before our daughter was born — had had similar seizures when she was young. This aunt, however, learned to bring on her attacks at will and used to intimidate the members of her family by threatening to "keek," as she called her dramatic performance. But a country doctor "cured" her by directing that a bucket of cold water be dashed over her every time she had a seizure.

What is the explanation of these similarities? If the attacks were really psychological in origin, they were not caused by bodily defects. There is the possibility, of course, that both Alice and my aunt were predisposed toward spasmodic seizures because of calcium deficiency or endocrine gland imbalance. If so, would this explanation support the behaviorists? If our conduct is so markedly affected by our chemistry and if the glandular structures supplying these chemicals are inherited, what becomes of the alleged ability to make our children into whatever we will?

But let me return to the doings of Alice. Mary, my wife, and I are not at all herd-minded. We enjoy our home on a peaceful hillside — but Alice does not. No quiet life for her. She loves people and wants to be surrounded by them. Many, many times she reminds me of my own mother, who died when Alice was a mere infant in arms. My mother often hoped that a neighbor would cut down his hedge so she could watch passersby for a few moments longer. Once she insisted that her husband destroy some flourishing fruit trees in order that she might see the cars moving along a highway fully half a mile distant. And my mother was not in second childhood; like her granddaughter she was almost abnormally gregarious.

But Alice's food habits seem to me to be even more convincing evidence of the pervasive influence of ancestral traits. My mother was excessively fond of oily foods. Her vegetables were cooked Southern style at its worst — floating in bacon fat. But my wife and I both dislike greasy foods and never have them on our table. Alice, on the contrary, enjoys them heartily and is never more pleased than when she persuades her mother to give her a double serving of salad dressing. Besides, there was in my mother's family the practice of eating a small piece of meat after dessert "to get rid of the sweet taste." As far as I know, Alice has not once in her entire life seen anyone use meat as a chaser for dessert, but by the time she was three years old she insisted on saving a morsel of meat to eat after her sweets.

IV

TO PUT THE matter in plain language, Mary and I are both blends of contrasting family lines. The traits of our forebears, combined in us none too harmoniously, seem in our children to have separated out, as the biologists say, into the original grandparental tendencies. Although John and Alice have had as nearly as possible the same food and very similar training, they are almost as different as night and day. John is tall and gangling; Alice is strong and sturdy. He is passive, negativistic, and solitary, but she is aggressive, suggestible, and sociable. John needs a self-starter, while Alice needs four-wheel brakes. In almost every trait, mental and physical, they are contrasting types, despite great similarity in "conditioning experiences" — even John's toes turn out, while Alice's turn inward!

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Hardly a month passes that Mary and I do not notice in our children some intellectual or emotional characteristic that is utterly alien to us but that is decidedly reminiscent of the traits of kinsmen or ancestors. A friend, who knows Mary and me quite well but who has never seen our relatives, once remarked about Alice, "I'll bet that little Johnston girl is a constant surprise to her parents." If she had been better acquainted with John, I am sure she would have included him in the list of surprises. It is little exaggeration to say that, in spite of our constant association with the children and of our unintentional tendency to mold them into our own style of life, they are today less akin to their parents than they are to their grandmothers.

Especially significant, I think, are our failures to train John and Alice into patterns of conduct that we consider to be socially advantageous. John, for example, is like his maternal grandmother in having an inflexible, almost wooden, personality. It took me five years to teach him to put his table napkin into his lap. Now, he refuses to eat without one! To get him to be more adjustable, more adaptable to circumstances, seems next to impossible. Besides, he has what is often called an artistic temperament. Vainly have we tried to interest him in conventional masculine pursuits but we would find it quite easy to turn Alice, our "little storm," into a turbulent tomboy. Unlike my mother, my wife is an excellent housekeeper, but her precept and example have both failed to affect Alice, who delights to "make a mess" with mud, water, and a few colorful ingredients.

Do we really have the power to bend our twigs the way we wish?

John, Alice, and the children of the neighbors have, then, put question marks after many of my once accepted psychological doctrines. Can early training accomplish the marvels claimed by Watson and his followers? They admit their failure with mentally subnormal children. Yet perhaps training does more for average and superior children only because they can be more easily forced to abandon or reorganize traits they have really inherited from their forefathers. Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed, "Heredity is an omnibus in which our ancestors ride; and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us." Nearly ten years of study of my children now convince me that our ancestors frequently — very frequently — put their heads out, both to delight and to embarrass us.

The Hen

A fluffy miracle, with bright
Eye quiet (but never shut),
She sits creative on the nest;
Then utters — for Probatum Est —
Her "Cut-ka-darcut-cut!"

She bounces off, articulate,
A hen become the Word:
She scurries here, she scuttles there,
Most awkward yet most debonair —
Tremendous and absurd.

She tells the world (and loudly), "I
Have given what you ask me:
I left behind me on the straw
The finest egg you ever saw;
Nor did it overtask me!"

So she brings breakfast, fresh and warm,
To any who may wish:
For paradisal honey-brew,
She offers cockadoodledoo
Sealed in a lilac dish!

E. Merrill Root

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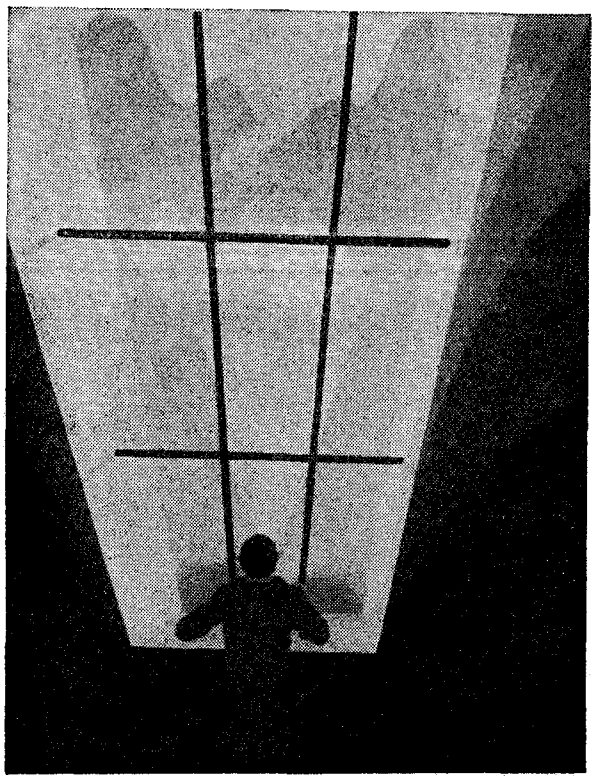
Pleader for the Damned

by **HENRY F. PRINGLE**



Conception by John Vassos for Oscar Wilde's Ballad of Reading Gaol
Courtesy of E. P. Dutton & Co.

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES of Sing Sing Prison looked out from his office window to the main gates, through which more than 100 trucks each day pass into the prison — trucks which, despite the utmost vigilance, *might* be smuggling revolvers, knives, or hack saws, sure preludes to the thing all wardens most dread: a prison break.

"We haven't had an escape for five years," the Warden remarked. But the siren may any minute shatter the normal prison quiet; guns will rattle from the guard towers; crumpled human beings will cough out blood and die in the prison yard. So he added, almost superstitiously: "But we're probably due for one. The law of averages works in Sing Sing, like anywhere else."

But something more than the law of averages has been at work at Sing Sing. It is the personality of Lawes himself. Lawes has done more than any other prison administrator in history to spread the gospel that vengeance is not a cure for crime, that rehabilitation is possible if convicts are treated like men instead of beasts. Since 1920, when Lawes became Warden, the men have been treated fairly, and, in the main, know it. And so, while riots and escapes and killings have been frequent in many American prisons, Lawes has had but one disturbance — and that a minor one — in almost eighteen years.

Lawes has been criticized as a theorist — too "soft." But remember that even the best prison is a place of despair. Walk at night through No. 13 Gallery at Sing Sing, the oldest building in the prison. The cells are built of huge stones, and are but seven feet long, a little more than three feet wide, and not quite seven feet high — and once held two men each. No sunlight has reached them since they were built in 1825. Almost no air reaches them. You recoil, first, from the odor of human excretion, for the old iron slop buckets are still used. But you will recoil still more as you pass cell after cell and hear from many the sounds of men racked with sobs — the newly arrived prisoners. For freedom is behind them — freedom and a normal life and the out-of-doors. Women are behind them, too. Ahead lies either suppression or perversion.

Lawes once estimated that the 2,500 men in his charge would sacrifice an aggregate 20,000 years of life. So 60,000 men have forfeited almost 600,000 years since the grim fortress on the Hudson was built. Sing Sing's span of despair would stretch far beyond recorded history. During it men were flogged, starved, and abused until they went insane or died. Sing Sing has witnessed every filthy detail of man's inhumanity to man.

Under Lawes it has become — as prisons go

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— a model penitentiary. There are programs for athletics, entertainment, and education. The newer cells are small, but they are clean, sunlit, ventilated, and private. The buildings are neatly designed and well spaced. As you walk about the place — if you could forget the walls, guard towers, and bars — it is not hard to imagine yourself on the campus of a small college, without the collegiate frills.

The Human Side

But perhaps Lawes's greatest contribution to penology is his determination not to let the public forget that some 125,000 Americans live in prison. Nearly everybody is extremely anxious to forget this. Men are arrested for crime, convicted, sent away — and then ignored. But Lawes keeps pounding, through his books, articles, and radio broadcasts which reach millions, on these disturbing questions: How are you going to treat these men? What jobs will they get when they get out? Can anything be done to help them go straight? Why should they be battered and broken while in prison so that society can never receive them again?

Lawes does not pretend to have pat answers to all these questions. He has, though, been in an unsurpassed position to accumulate evidence. For 32 years he has been doing society's dirty work.

Lawes does not regard it as dirty work but as his unique mission in life. At 54, he looks a great deal like an able businessman, not a little like a priest, and something like a cop. He is well dressed and direct in his manner. He can be as sympathetic as any cleric and listen with undivided attention to men in trouble — or he can be extraordinarily hard-boiled.

He once wrote:

> The sociologist sees the criminal as the product of our social organization; the jurist sees him as a man who is wilfully perverse; the ex-prisoner sees him as the under dog; I see him as a *man* in prison. I live with this man; I eat with him; I read his mail. . . . I am with him when he is sick; I know how he bears up under sorrow; I see him as he goes to his death. . . . I believe I know him and understand him as few others do.

To Warden Lawes, then, each of the 2,600 prisoners now in Sing Sing is a man. Only 12.5 per cent, in his judgment, are, on the average, "aggressively anti-social and dangerous." Statistically, this means that but 325 out of the 2,600 prisoners at Sing Sing are beyond redemption. Lawes is no sentimentalist. His only interest in these 325, it may be assumed, is to see that they work, obey the rules, and are kept in for the maximum length of their terms. Nor can the Warden come into personal contact with more than a fraction of the other inmates — in whom decency still dwells. The ones he knows (and he knows hundreds) he worries about constantly. He helps them to better themselves. As freedom approaches he tries to get them jobs outside. In some cases, he has even given personal guaranties that they will go straight.

In contrast, Lawes can be tough. When the notorious "Two-Gun" Crowley arrived at the death house a few years ago, the place was soon in an uproar. Crowley, announcing that he intended to raise hell, stuffed the plumbing so that his cell was flooded, burned his mattress and sent clouds of smoke through the other cells. Lawes directed a keeper to remove all of Crowley's clothes. Naked, the killer was much less fierce. Jeers greeted him.

"When you're mad at a man, make a boob of him and not a martyr," is Lawes's advice.

The Making of a Warden

Lawes is potentially the man of action, but good fortune and his genius in dealing with men have enabled him to live as a man of thought. Violence has touched his life very rarely. For 32 years, however, he has been ready for it night and day. Lawes is not and has never been the conventional jailer, though the accident of birth at Elmira, New York, on September 13, 1883, aroused an early interest in prison work. His home was less than a mile from the New York State Reformatory. In common with his friends, he was forbidden to go near the institution on the ground that the inmates were "very bad boys." This made no sense to him, and he disregarded the parental orders as often as he could. On Saturday afternoons the reformatory boys paraded smartly. Young Lawes puzzled over the fact that everybody condemned them, but they looked normal enough. The eminent Warden of Sing Sing prison, having now served for three decades as custodian of the damned, is still puzzled by the same paradox. He denies there is a "criminal type."

A taste for adventure led young Lawes to

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join the army. He served three years in the Philippines, found it dull, and returned to the United States. Pondering his future, he remembered the reformatory in his home town and decided he would like to be a guard. He took the examination, and was assigned to Clinton Prison in March, 1905.

His first weeks were far from happy. The prison, which housed the toughest convicts in the State, was called the Siberia of America.

"Tread lightly and always carry a stick," the old-time guards warned him.

"Better put that stick in the corner, sonny," advised Joseph Chappeleau, a gentle, middle-aged trusty who had been convicted of murder. "If a prisoner's decent, you won't need it. If he's mean, it'll make him meaner."

Lawes resorted to the club only once and then, to his consternation, brought it crashing on the head of the wrong man! Thereafter, old Chappeleau's axioms played a big part in the thinking of the young prison guard.

After a year at Dannemora, Lawes was transferred to Auburn Prison, then to the institution of his first interest, Elmira Reformatory. During eight years at Elmira, Lawes began the graduate phase of his education. Here we find the husky young guard, who would, on extreme provocation, knock a man down with his fists but who would not use a club, poring over erudite volumes on crime and punishment.

In 1912, Lawes enrolled as a student at the New York School of Social Work. This took a deal of courage, for his family responsibilities were already considerable. But here he came into contact with leading prison authorities of the day. In 1915 the commissioner of correction for New York City, impressed with his earnestness and advanced views, asked him to run the city's reformatory on Hart's Island.

Superintendent Lawes now had some 500 young city toughs under his care. Month by month the faith of Lawes in his charges increased. Trusted prisoners drove his car to the station and invariably went back to their bars. Other prisoners took care of his small daughters.

The two little girls sometimes tried the patience of their masculine nurses. One vanished during a walk and remained hidden in a cornfield while her frantic custodian bellowed for her to reappear.

"If you don't come out right away," he finally called, "I'll — I'll escape!"

She promptly emerged.

The New Boss

Over at Sing Sing Prison, meanwhile, trouble had followed trouble. In December, 1919, word reached Lawes that he was being considered for warden. He did not enjoy the prospect. During twenty years the average term of a Sing Sing warden had been eleven months! Lawes's immediate predecessor had hung on for six. Lawes was happy where he was.

Word came for him to call on Governor Alfred E. Smith, however, and he fell victim to the Governor's Irish guile.

"It's a tough spot, Lawes," said the Governor, "I don't blame you for being scared."

One Irishman can always fool another with that trick. Lawes could not resist the challenge to his courage, and on January 1, 1920, he faced the massed inmates of Sing Sing in the mess hall. They were looking at him with mixed amazement and condescension. How long would this young fellow hold the job? Only 37 years old, Lawes was the youngest among all the 39 wardens who had served at Sing Sing in 94 years. The old-timers and the troublemakers took few pains to conceal their contempt.

Lawes opened his speech: "If you want to get out of this place in a hurry," he began, "come in as the new warden."

There was a roar of laughter. He had won his first skirmish.

But the men were to learn that the new boss could be realistic as well as witty. They were entitled to no privileges by right. The ones they got would have to be earned. Lawes acted swiftly against the powerful and corrupt convict's court and the political cliques that had grown up within the prison.

But, while he cracked down in some things, he loosened up in others. Convention always meant little to Lawes. In 1916, at the reformatory, he had allowed his boys to take part, as extras, in a sham battle staged by a movie outfit. They were given guns and blank ammunition. Lawes's critics were full of fears for what might happen; but nothing did, except that the convicts were presented with a new movie projector.

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Lawes knows that the pent-up energy of 2,500 men, serving average minimum terms of about seven years, requires some form of release. At Sing Sing, he instituted an athletic program in which 75 per cent of the inmates voluntarily participate and which includes boxing, handball, and basketball. The Sing Sing football team was pronounced the cleanest playing team in the country by the nationally known football officials who refereed its games with outside teams. The convict baseball team is backed up by a 70-piece Sing Sing band, and two crack units of uniformed Sing Sing cadets parade with West Point precision between innings. Convicts operate the movie projector and paint the sets for the occasional entertainments. Sing Sing schools teach everything from the basic R's for illiterate convicts to advanced courses in the correspondence school for those who can grasp them. Throughout the 40 acres within Sing Sing's impregnable walls are evidences of Lawes's great purpose: to make his charges better equipped to cope with life outside; to make them better men when they leave the prison than when they entered it.

The Warden never misses an opportunity to expound his views where they will do his prisoners the most good. He battles constantly to open up markets for prison-made goods, for it means useful, character-building work for his men. When Warner Brothers filmed his book, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*, on the site, Mr. H. M. Warner became vitally interested in Lawes's views and wanted to help. The Warden pointed out that the prison had no facilities for athletics during the winter. Mr. Warner presented the prison with a handsome gymnasium which, during the long winter months, is now a hub of prison morale.

But, despite all this, Sing Sing is every square inch a prison. Its recreational facilities are privileges; they can be earned and they can be denied. Discipline is inexorable, and business-like guard towers every few rods are constant reminders that, once in Sing Sing, you don't get out — alive — until they let you out.

Capital Punishment

Between two great cell blocks stands the squat, grim little brick building in which Lawes must perform the most loathsome of the duties society has assigned to him — the death house. It is an appallingly efficient instrument for legalized killing, with its hideous oak chair, fitted with straps, ankle clamps, and sturdy electrodes, its impersonal rheostat and voltmeter, its spick-and-span autopsy room, its enormous icebox, with individual accommodations for six corpses, and its spare stock of pine coffins.

Before he became Warden, it had never occurred to Lawes to doubt the value of capital punishment. But, when he had to decide the day and hour for his first electrocution, he "did a lot of thinking and came to the conclusion that it was wrong." It was wrong because it didn't stop murder. It was wrong because, he discovered by searching the records, it was actually carried out in a very small percentage of cases and because rich killers seldom end in the electric chair. And there's always the ghastly possibility that this irrevocable penalty may be imposed on an innocent man. In one such case at Sing Sing, the doomed man would have been strapped into the chair in a few minutes. Then he was reprieved. In due course he was proved utterly innocent. Judges and juries may err. In thirteen per cent of the commitments for murder in New York between 1889 and 1927 the convictions were reversed by the higher courts. Lawes claims that this percentage of error is entirely too high.

Though he has directed the legal extinction of more than 150 men and two women, the task has grown no easier. The reason is that he cannot look at them save as individuals. The condemned murderer, to Lawes, is not a mere enemy of society who must be erased as painlessly as possible. He is a human being in fearful trouble.

It is this quality that has made Lawes the most famous of those who are charged with keeping men in prison. For more than 30 years he has seen humanity at its worst and he believes more firmly than ever that most human beings return decency for decency. It is significant that Lawes is more bitter about a betrayal perpetrated during a front-page execution than about any other in his career. A notorious murderess was to die in the chair. As always, Lawes asked reporters to give their word of honor that no cameras were being smuggled into the death house. They gave it. But a blurred photograph of the wretched woman appeared in one paper next morning. No convicted felon ever betrayed him more outrageously.

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Backyard Conservation

by **ROBERT MOSES**

Conservation, like charity, begins at home. If residents of our seaboard cities would take as much interest in their own waterfronts as they do in prairie dust storms, forest timber slashing, Mississippi floods, and Teapot Domes, we might yet reclaim our most priceless natural heritage.

New York has easily carried off the booby prize for neglect of most of the advantages of her rivers and harbors. It is true that we have done much for shipping, that with the help of Uncle Sam we have dredged, dug, bulkheaded, jettied, and riprapped a considerable part of our boundary waters. The interests of trade and shipping have not been neglected, and in fact a good many of our commercial harbor developments have been too widely scattered. We have failed to plan and zone our waterfront so as sharply to distinguish industry from recreation and residence and, as a result, we have made a shambles of a large part of our waterfront and are just beginning painfully and at great cost to reclaim what was given away for next to nothing or allowed to be exploited without control. What has happened to the minor streams emptying into the bays and harbors is even worse, and the conception of using nonnavigable streams and occasional areas along the navigable ones for parkways and narrow shoestring parks arrived so late that it is almost impossible, except in a very few instances, to take advantage of it in an old city like New York.

Pollution has, however, been the greatest foe of this natural resource. We have fouled our boundary waters by the dumping of sewage and trade waste, by scattered droppings from refuse barges, and by unregulated boating.

There are plenty of people living in New York today who can remember when there were shad in the Hudson and tomcod in most of the waters and when crabs and lobsters taken from the East River could be eaten with impunity. As more and more sewage was dumped into these waters, the fish life disappeared. Soon the oxygen followed. The rowing clubs which flourished on the Harlem River lost their members as oarsmen were almost overpowered by river gases. Bathing continued in spite of all Health Department warnings and attempts of the police to stop it. Even the building of the new swimming pools by the Park Department has not stopped river and harbor bathing, because there is a certain fascination in the natural waterfront which no artificial pool can supply and because it is impossible to find the funds to build enough pools to meet the needs of all neighborhoods and to compete successfully with the boundary waters at the very back doors of tenements.

I do not know how many surveys have been made of sewage pollution in the waters around New York City or how many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent for reports of experts in the last 30 or 40 years. Certainly there has never been the slightest difference of opinion as to the seriousness of the condition and the general character of the proper remedy, although there have been plenty of disagreements as to the precise location of disposal plants and similar details. It is a fact, however, that we have at last come to grips with the problem, and the city is tackling it on the right scale by co-operation of the sanitation, health, parks, and other authorities. There is, for example, a huge new disposal plant on Ward's Island which will clean up a considerable part of the pollution of the East River and Harlem River. Other plants are being constructed elsewhere.

The World's Fair could not be conducted at all at Flushing Meadow Park if it were not for the sewer improvements, which constitute a considerable part of the city's share of the cost of preparing for the fair. Flushing Bay, which borders the fair and is the main water and

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parkway approach to it, is today still an open sewer, and the entire bay bottom is a thin soup of half-digested sludge. The new disposal facilities will stop all dumping before the fair opens. The federal government is dredging a channel and boat basin, and bulkheading and shore protection will complete the reclamation of this area. The cost is staggering, but the restoration is permanent. Some idea of the expense involved in these undertakings may be gained when it is considered that the estimates for the completion of sewer treatment works to stop river and harbor dumping around New York is estimated at over $150,000,000.

As to garbage and waste disposal, the city for years resorted to all sorts of expedients to rid itself of this daily accumulation of the trash and leftovers of human living. Disposal plants were few, scattered, and inadequate. Attempts absolutely to separate garbage from ashes and waste were never altogether successful. Out-of-the-way places were found for dumping, and this led to endless neighborhood controversies and protests. Dumping at sea was an easy substitute. This was supposed to be done only in bad weather, but actually it was done continuously. The waste material floated back not only to the city's waterfront but to the beaches of the adjacent State of New Jersey. Finally, New Jersey, tired of denials, explanations, and apologies, carried its protest into the United States Supreme Court and got an order stopping further dumping at sea by New York.

II

When responsibility for the preparation of the site for the World's Fair devolved on me, one of the most serious problems was that of getting rid of the mountains of refuse which had been piled on the Flushing Meadows for more than 30 years and which represented the junk heap of Brooklyn. Another problem was the mountain of ashes and refuse on Riker's Island, immediately in front of Flushing Bay, representing the offscourings of other parts of the city. The dump at Flushing Meadow was bought by the city and leveled in less than a year, and the Flushing River now runs through a park and not through an ash heap. Riker's Island is being graded down, and its rim is being planted. The fires which were constantly started by spontaneous combustion and poured smoke and smell into the air have been put out for good. The rats, which were commonly said to be large enough to be saddled, are gone. All dumping is being ended, and with it the dropping off of boxes, cans, and all sorts of odds and ends from the sanitation scows.

In the meantime, the Sanitation Department is launched on a real program of disposal-plant construction. Here again some notion of cost is afforded by the fact that the new plants recently constructed have served only to keep up with the normal increase of waste and have not as yet reduced the main problem. In the case of more or less clean ashes, a program of filling lands for the Park Department and other departments is being carried out, and soon new playgrounds and lands will be built on the top-soil which will cover these ashes.

It would be only natural to suppose that, with the pollution of the boundary waters of New York City constantly before them, residents of the suburbs and of the rest of the metropolitan area would long since have taken drastic steps to prevent similar conditions from developing in their communities. Unfortunately, this is not so. It is only within the last two years that there has been an interstate commission to attack the pollution problem, which has no respect for city and State boundaries; and this commission, which originally included the States of New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut, was reduced to a bistate affair by the retirement of Connecticut for reasons too silly and parochial to mention. The recommendations of the bistate commission may not all be accepted, but this body has at least, by its public hearings and publicity, attracted a great deal of attention.

III

I have had considerable experience as a public official with the shorefront problems of Long Island and I am a resident of the Island a large part of each year. As head of the Long Island State Park Commission I have been appalled at the pollution of boundary waters outside the city limits. Fortunately, most of the inland streams were saved because, although they were outside the bounds of the city, they were acquired by the City of New York for water-supply purposes, and the Long Island State Park Commission was able to obtain surface easements so as at once to protect

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their boundaries and to furnish park and recreation areas on them.

Long Island east of the city line is undeniably recreational and residential. The whaling days are over, and shipping amounts to comparatively little, but both commercial and sports fishing remain important. Industry also is a minor feature of the Island's life. Under these circumstances I was amazed to find that in Nassau County, the first county east of the city, there was no such thing as a county sanitation commission. Municipalities did as they pleased about sewage and garbage disposal. Some had plants, and others did not. No two communities thought of getting together on a common program. On the south shore, where the State owns most of Jones Beach and a good deal of the meadowland between the beach and the mainland, there were beginning to be signs of serious pollution. A good many of the communities along the shore were still depending on privies or on dumping of raw sewage into the bays. On the north shore, pollution was rapidly increasing along 50 miles of frontage on Long Island Sound. A good deal of this came from boats. Here was a community, whose waterfront was its main attraction and asset, going the way of New York City. The same conditions on a very much smaller scale were beginning to develop in Suffolk County, east of Nassau.

The first step to correct this situation was to arouse public interest. The second step was to bring about the creation of a special State commission, which I persuaded Governor Roosevelt to do. Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., then State Health Commissioner, now head of the United States Public Health Service, was the chairman. The commission made a report which was discussed and accepted. A law was passed which made the county board of supervisors ex officio a sanitation commission for the county, and thereafter no municipality could establish or extend a sewer system without the approval of the county board and the State Health Department and, in the case of the waters on the south shore in the vicinity of Jones Beach, the approval of the Long Island State Park Commission. A staff was employed to begin the preparation of plans for a county-wide system. In the adjacent county of Suffolk it was impossible to arouse enough interest to do anything, and this will have to follow and indeed is not a serious matter at this time. I believe we have got the Nassau situation before it is entirely out of hand. The cost of actually solving the problem is, however, very large, and there will no doubt be many protests and much discussion before all danger of pollution is ended.

What has happened in Nassau County has happened in other counties in the metropolitan sections and in the suburbs of other seaboard cities. Forethought, civic interest, local pride, and common sense all point to the remedy, but we are a prodigal people, careless in using what nature provides, uncertain as to the limits of the responsibility of local government, and slow to interfere with the right of the individual to foul not only his own nest but his neighbor's as well. We seem willing to give all sorts of power to a distant national government, power which it is often entirely incapable of using effectively and in the public interest, but we shy away from giving a municipality the authority to curb the individual at home. It is a curious paradox. We are not staggered by a national debt of billions but we are terribly frightened if the local debt begins to grow. It is a good deal like the woman who will contribute to foreign missions but not to local charity.

It seems unlikely that a stop can be put to the massing of population at great natural harbors and at the confluence of many waters. In spite of all theories of decentralization and all arguments against overcrowding, people continue to be attracted to the great centers. So long as this is so, we may as well make up our minds that the protection of boundary waters is a major problem requiring constant vigilance and drastic regulation for the common good.

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I Believe

by **DELLA T. LUTES**

THERE WAS a young preacher in a small church in a small town who batted at least .985 in pew filling where none other before him had been able to make even a .490 average. It was all owing to the way he had.

He hadn't brought any innovations with him. He didn't resort to any tricks — rhetorical or otherwise. He didn't slap the boys on the back and slip them a story just *slightly* tarred with a mucky brush or lay a pressured hand on the plump arm of any of his lady parishioners, in order to prove that he was a good egg. He went to the Rotary Club but he didn't give "talks." He went because he thought it was a good thing and he enjoyed it.

He just behaved like a decent man who had chosen to take up the ministry instead of bond selling. It didn't pay nearly so well as the latter might have done in good times — not in money — but he and his young wife and their two small children managed to scrub along on it and have enough left over to feed a rabble of boys and girls who tagged them home from the Sunday-night meeting.

On Sundays, mornings, he talked. You couldn't say he preached, and yet he talked about God or something that meant God — to him. Or else he read from the Bible. He said he knew they didn't have much time to read the Bible these days, themselves, but he honestly believed it was the greatest book ever written and he hated to have them unacquainted with it, because nowhere would they find greater drama or tragedy in any literature — even including Eugene O'Neill. He said that and laughed.

Then he always went on to tell what *he* thought about the story or event and he ended up by saying, "And I believe" thus and so. Until finally it began to be borne in on the people who sat before him that he *believed*. And then it dawned on them that they didn't know *what* he believed.

A Simple Faith

ONE DAY he spoke about it. He said all the creed he had was contained in those two words — *I believe*. Beyond that he said he didn't feel qualified to go. He believed in God, he said, as Something. He didn't know what. He said when he walked in the woods God was there. He said he *saw* God but he saw Him in lilac blossoms and apple trees and nice gray-green rows of cabbages.

When some half-scoffing youngster asked him if he saw God in such tragedies as that of the *Hindenburg*, he said he didn't *not* see God. He confessed that there had been a time when it had been pretty hard to believe there was a God who could let floods and fires destroy what He claimed to be His children. But then, he said, it came to him that, if God kept reaching out a hand to save man from this disaster and that in a man-controlled world, He'd soon have things messed up far worse than if He let them alone.

He said he believed that God made the world and then turned it over to man to run and that it wasn't His business to interfere.

Furthermore, he said he didn't have any definite belief even about that. He said he couldn't understand it if he tried a thousand years, so he was going to let it alone. He said there was plenty of good that he could see and that in a world as beautiful as this he could do no more — and no better — than to say, "I believe!"

When he was pinned down as to whether he believed in an afterlife, he said he didn't let it trouble him — any more. He just believed. He said he thought probably a God who would bother Himself about the details of beauty in a leaf or the inside of a clamshell wouldn't let man miss anything if he was willing to work for what he wanted; but he didn't *know*. He said he'd have all he could do to get the best he could out of *this* world, in the time he had.

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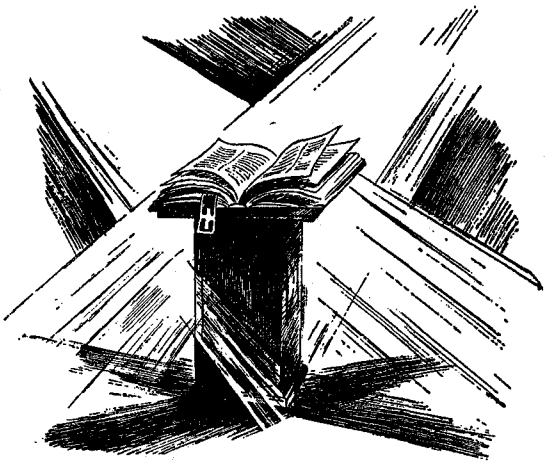
When they pressed him about the divinity of Christ, he said that for the life of him he couldn't see that it mattered. He said he believed in *Christ*. He said he had to because he'd seen him a thousand times.

Asked if he believed in the Bible, he said certainly. He said he didn't think it mattered a hurrah whether a whale swallowed Jonah or Jonah a whale — neither of which was likely. He said neither was it likely that Achilles was hit in the heel but it made a good story and meant something. Every man had his weakness. But he said the Bible was not only the greatest piece of literature ever written but the only single document in the world that could comfort man through every storm. He said the matter of believing literally all the stories was beside the point. You didn't, he said, have to believe the story of the boy, the man, and the jackass but you believed what the story was about.



He said his whole life's creed was summed up in those two words — *I believe* — and that it was enough for him anyway. He said he didn't see how a man could even live, how he could ever manage to struggle against the floods and rapids and shoals and quicksands of life, if he didn't believe. Just to say, "I believe," he said was strengthening.

He never said, "I don't believe." That was against his principles. He said that, if he began to say, "I don't believe," he would soon be nothing but a mass of fear, apprehension, anxiety, cynicism, and every other destructive element — and that he couldn't afford.

He said the things people were always declaring they didn't believe were irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial, so to speak.

In his Sunday talks he didn't try to interpret God or the Bible. He told what he thought, sometimes, but generally he just let folks take it home and think it over themselves. He didn't try to bias them. He told the stories, sometimes read the legends or the songs just as they are written, to get the beauty of the words, the sonorous phrasing. He tried to show that the underlying principle of the world is beauty and rhythm. He said you couldn't shut your eyes to ugly things, by any means. You didn't want to, but what you are doing most of the time is emphasizing ugliness, and that is what you do every time you say, "I don't believe."

Saved by Believing

People in trouble went to him. There was a man who had an only son. The boy was what they called wild. He misbehaved in college, and was turned out. He went with evil companions who corrupted what good manners he had left. He came home drunk. He broke his mother's heart or at least he stabbed it. Finally he ran away from home and got a job on a ship, stoking, and went around the world. It was then the man came to the minister.

When he got all through telling his trouble, the minister said, "The boy will be all right."

The man said, "You say so. How do you know?"

The minister said, "I believe."

"I believe," he said, "because the boy has good in him. All boys have good in them, but, sometimes, when everything goes wrong with them, the good gets buried. Especially when they haven't a good home and good parents. But," he added, "your boy has a good home, and he has good parents."

The man was bitter. "Yes," he said, "and what has it got us?"

"A son," said the minister. "A good son — if you will believe. It always works out," he added firmly. "Sometimes late — but sometime. If you make a good home for your children — a *good* home, mind you, not necessarily a pretty home but a home that is *his* home, the kind he likes to come into — and if you are good parents — pleasant parents, the kind of parents children like to be with — they'll swing around. Eventually. It may take time, because they have to try things out themselves. But they'll swing around and they'll think about their home. Then they'll begin to think

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they'd like to have that kind of home. The next thing they'll — quite unconsciously and without recognizing it — begin to remember the things you've said, the way you've lived — particularly the way you've lived. And they'll want to be like that. But you have to believe."

"We've had that kind of home," said the man, discouraged, "and we've been that kind of parents — at least we've tried — and he doesn't want to be like us and he doesn't want to come home."

"Time," said the minister cheerfully. "Give him time. Stoking his way around the world — or making his living any other way — will be the best that could have happened to him right now. He'll begin to think pretty soon.

"But when he does come home — don't ask any questions. Encourage him, when he shows any inclination to talk, but don't try to peer inside. Don't ask him where he's going when he goes out or when he'll be in. Laugh with him and be gay with him and *believe*. Pretty soon he'll take to sticking his head inside the door to say, 'Bye,' instead of sneaking down the back way. Don't talk to him or chide him or —"

"Well, for the Lord's sake," broke in the man, but the minister went on.

"— or tease him. Just let him go absolutely free —"

"But —"

"— and just believe," finished the minister; and that's all he had to say: "Believe."

Well, the man didn't really believe even the minister, but by and by the boy came home. And he said, "Dad, I don't want to go back to school. I want to go to work. I've got a job down at the docks loading scrap iron. I don't get much — but if I could live at home —"

"Home!" said the man, shouting. "Of course you'll live at home. Where else'd you live?"

And the man went to see the minister, and he said, "Now *I* believe."

Where God Is

A woman went to see the minister when her little girl died. She said she could not endure it, she would go mad if she didn't know *where* the little girl had gone. She said: "I've read the Bible. It says there's a heaven. I've read the hymnbooks — they say there's a heaven. I've read all the books in the library that I could find that say anything about heaven — but there's nothing sure. What can I do?"

"Believe," said the minister. "I do. I lost a little girl, too."

"But *what?*" cried the woman wildly. "What shall I believe?"

"It doesn't matter. Suppose you are going somewhere. It's a strange road. There comes a bend in it. You don't know what's around the bend. But you go ahead. You are not afraid to turn the corner. Those behind you cannot see where you are now. They must believe."

I knew a woman once whose creed was about the same. She was ill and couldn't go to church often but she said it didn't matter because she could see God by looking out of her window. She said she didn't care about repeating any creed with a lot of people, because she got to listening to the voices instead of to God, who was inside. And, anyway, she said, creeds limited her too much. She didn't want to confine her belief to this or that. She wanted plenty of room in which to spread out her belief.

She said, too, that she *knew* as well as believed. She was the only person I ever met who *knew*, but I never doubted her. She had had a little boy — a beautiful child of about six, whom she adored. He was killed suddenly. One moment he was there, almost beside her. The next he was struck down, gone. One shocked, surprised, frightened look from his wide blue eyes, and he was gone. And there was she — kneeling, clutching him, calling to him, sobbing, bereft of sense. Someone raised her. Someone's hands picked him up. She ran — utterly without consciousness, her brain whirling, her mind shocked. She could only run and run and cry, "Oh, God! Oh God! Oh God!"

And then she heard — *Be still. Be still. Be still.* She felt someone — or something — beside her, keeping up with her, slowing her down, supporting her, soothing her. She could feel this like invisible footsteps, like someone walking silently beside you in the dark.

She stopped running and walked and went back. People took her in hand, and then life went on, and she bore it. But after that she always believed.

So do I believe. In what, particularly, I do not know. It does not matter. In trouble,

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in need, in want, in distress, I involuntarily call on God. That assures me that God *is*. Beyond that I do not try to go. I pray, sometimes, when I am very tired, with little strength on which to lean. I simply say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Other times when I want special bolstering I say the Lord's Prayer. Often I say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and at other times the poem that begins, "Serene I fold my hands and wait." Or that other, "I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air."

It doesn't much matter. Sometimes I just say words: *Faith*, *hope*, *courage*, *strength*, *love*, *good*. You can't say over words like that, hushing your noisy mind and opening your heart as you do so, without getting peace from them. Something of that divine, uplifting, quieting, strengthening thing we call God.

When I think *God*, I don't confine my thought. God includes all that is beautiful and true. I could just as well say, "Allah," or, "Nature," or any other word that would mean earth and sky and firmament and source of all things, but I have been brought up to say, "God," so I say, "God."

When I look out of my window, from where I sit I see an immense maple tree. I have named it God. I do not worship it or bow down before it. I simply recognize God in it. Some people hold up a thing they call a host which is God to them. Others have an icon. Still others have a crucifix. I have a tree — any tree — or grass or sod or flowers, rain, sky, or stream. This one tree typifies all.

Sometimes my friends and I talk about what we call religion. Some of my friends are smart people who have read Bernard Shaw and Aldous Huxley and D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein. The subject of religion comes up — intellectually. Most of them are pretty contemptuous of it — there are so many more interesting and vital things to talk about (they say). When, however, we *do* talk about what they call religion, they say, "No *intelligent* person believes in anything of that sort, of course — only the sentimentally minded and unintelligent."

Once I ventured, "Seems to me it shows a lack of intelligence not to believe in God."

They looked at me — some of them — as if I'd broken out suddenly with a pox. Then they smiled. "Being funny, eh? Going holy on us."

"No," I said, "I'm not going holy. I'm just being what I think is sensible."

"You'll be telling us you believe in Santa Claus next."

"Of course I believe in Santa Claus," I said hotly.

"Well, for the love of Pete! An intelligent woman like you!"

"Look here," I said. "How can you look a tree in the face or a brook or a river or a hill or a mountain or the sea — especially the sea — and tell me you don't believe in God? Little puny things like you!"

They changed the subject. They thought I was queer and not very intelligent after all.

It seems to me, however, that there's sometimes danger in being too "intelligent." And, no matter how intelligent you may think you are today, the next twenty years may sweep all the high-grade intelligence of today into the trash heap. There were quite a good many really intelligent men living, working, and thinking 50 years ago. But, if anyone had tried to tell them that a *woman* would soon fly around the world, they'd have thought their intelligence was being insulted. And if you'd said to them (supposing you had been there) that the King of England could stand before a little black dingus like a hub cap in London, England, and talk to me, sitting in a chair in Podunk, Michigan — well, they would have smiled as some of my friends do now and said, "You'll be telling us next you believe in Santa Claus!"

But there are the trees, tall ones pointing skyward, squat ones making shade. There are flowers — just *little* flowers hidden under leaves, so beautiful, so sweet to make you weep. There are brooks (and a sermon in every one) and rivers so strong that they can sweep *all* men away. There are mountains Jehovah-high, Jehovah-broad, and the wide, deep, beautiful sea, mysterious and murderous, smiling and blue.

How ridiculously trivial to pother about the entanglement of creeds, tenets, doctrines, laws, whys, hows, wherefores — the paraphernalia, machinery, trappings with which silly man has bound and circumscribed what he calls religion. The simplest and wisest and safest religion in the world is all found and held in just two words — *I believe*. Loose all the rest and let it slough away.

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The Artist's Point of View

The Second American Artists' Congress

THE SECOND American Artists' Congress, which is to be held at Carnegie Hall in New York City on the evening of December 17 and in closed sessions for the two days following, is of far-reaching significance for two main reasons.

Artists of high standing, through the Artists' Congress, are clarifying and presenting their social philosophy and program to the American people.

By so doing, artists are asserting authority in the American art world.

If one grants the presumable truism that artists — rather than lay "authorities," dealers, collectors, or businessmen — are the agents through which contemporary culture must reach fruition in the arts, then this assumption of leadership by practicing experts becomes an actual prerequisite to any culture-building program. Hence the basic significance of the event itself, regardless of any concrete pronouncements.

Clarification of policy and program has been intensively under way through the Congress since the first call sent out by Stuart Davis in 1935 released, by spontaneous combustion, the pent-up resentment of the profession at its abandonment by its so-called patrons to the economic rigors of the depression. The spectacle of three large committees — executive, organizing, and exhibitions, averaging over twenty active members each — plus a number of smaller ones, functioning steadily and harmoniously through nine months of the year, staging national exhibitions and symposia and debating and acting on such issues as the Mellon gift, the federal arts bill, fascist destruction of culture, support for Spanish democracy, rental policy, copyright law, government art projects, municipal art activities, co-operation with labor, etc., etc. — this suggests the range of the program and the equally wide range of cultural needs. The artists are doing something to meet their responsibility for solving these needs.

The second annual congress will already be in session when this appears in print. The Mayor of New York City has recognized the right of artists to be heard by accepting the Congress' invitation to speak at Carnegie Hall — the first time such recognition has been officially and consciously granted to an artists' organization. Picasso will, by the time you read this, have expressed professional kinship with American artists by a broadcast direct from Paris to the meeting — his first such reaching out from the European scene. Two congressmen will have recognized the existence of living artists by addressing them. A labor leader will have stressed artist-labor collaboration, with its possible supplanting of the private, fair-weather patron. Four artists will have spoken for their profession.

The significance of the program, apart from the event itself, will emerge from its explanation of the cultural waste of the present impasse and the lifesaving function of the government relief projects. Its significance will emerge also from analysis of the possibilities in a federal department of fine arts, which is now actually before the Congress in the federal arts bill.

It is hardly beyond the bounds of reason to call such constructive planning as this the most important event of the year in the world of American art.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

PADRAIC COLUM was elected President of the Poetry Society of America at the annual meeting November 18. He succeeded Henry Goddard Leach, who served three years. Mr. Leach will continue to conduct this Page for Poets.

Poetry, the most distinguished of our many magazines of verse, celebrates its 26th year with a new editor, George Dillon. The magazine remains the responsibility of Harriet Monroe's executors. Morton Dauwen Zabel, who edited the magazine after Miss Monroe's death, retires to the Advisory Committee in order to carry on more fully his creative and academic work. The November issue makes a record in announcement of prizes — seven awards in all and a total of $650. Amy Bonner is the eastern representative of *Poetry*.

FOUR NEW BOOKS

THERE are four autumn books of poetry, all in the traditional meters, which spring out of an informed but buoyant attitude toward society and toward normal individual behavior. They are unscathed by depression, either economic or psychological. They are rich in lines that rephrase cleverly some old eternal wistfulness, lines that cry out to be quoted and to be read aloud. These four happy exhibits are YEAR'S END, by Josephine W. Johnson (Simon & Schuster, $2.00); NO BEAUTY IN BATTLE, by Barbara Young (Paebar, $2.50); ON MY WAY, by Marion Canby (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50); and THE STORY OF LOWRY MAEN, by Padraic Colum (Macmillan, $1.90).

Josephine Johnson's verse is shot with passages of intense illumination, blazing sun and full moon through the clouds of her awareness. It is for these electron flashes that we turn her pages, eager to "rise and kneel by the window, and observe the mountains where the eagles nest."

Barbara Young will have no poetic traffic with the alleged beauty of war or machinery or proletarian prattle. She stands on tiptoe facing the dawn. She summons us from the telephone to undisturbed nature and to simple desires. "I have run breathless down from city to sea."

Marion Canby records the imaginative philosophy of a spirited, completely integrated woman writing from the heart of New England. Her record is for the careful reader. "This woman comes whole, body and soul."

Padraic Colum sets out to do for the old historical kings of Ireland what other poets have done for the much earlier legendary Irish heroes — reinterpret their sagas in modern verse. He has begun with a period about 300 B.C. when Ireland was turning from the Bronze Age to the Iron Age. Unlike the romantic Irish heroes — accompanied by miracles and humorous extravagances — Mr. Colum's princes live and love like human beings. Yet his gentler imagery succeeds in weaving about them the glamour that survivors of Goidelic antiquity deserve.

FIVE COMMENTS

THERE are only five more new books unacknowledged on this desk at present: CINNAMON SAINT, by Amanda Benjamin Hall (Humphries, $2.00); AND THE STONE IS COLD, by Luella Reynolds Mead (Saunders, $1.50); PROTAGORAS, by Demetrios A. Michalaros (Syndicate, $1.50); SEA DREAMS, by Claudius Meade Capps (Showalter, $1.00); and SYNTHESIS, by Dorothy Randolph Byard (Silvermine). Miss Hall's book is a discriminating and charming verse narrative of Carolina. Miss Mead, in her gay imagery, produces lines above the level of local California verse. Mr. Michalaros is Greek, Chicago, Whitmanesque. The *Toledo Blade* calls him "a Chicago poet with a Miltonic string in his lyre." Mr. Capps has produced a collection of homely Great Smoky Mountain reflections for the family circle. Miss Byard scorches us with the devastating beauty of the machine reinforced by the incandescent drawings of John Vassos.

Nina (Nineteen Hundred)

Nina did not belong in such a town
As that, where all the window shades came down
At nine o'clock, and young girls lit a candle
And went to bed. . . . Nina was born for scandal.
A brazen wench, too wealthy to be scorned,
Ignored or shunned . . . the townsmen only warned
Their sons against her, shook their heads and sighed,
When on her sorrel, mannishly astride
She cantered past their doors, her small chin lifted.
(You turned to look at her, she was so gifted. . . .)
Thin and erect she was, and she could ride.

On the predestined day that she departed,
She left a dozen hopefuls brokenhearted;
But Nina longed for lighted avenues
And craning necks, and since she had to choose,
She took the lights and left her loves behind her,
Leaving no clear address where they might find her.

Sometimes in magazines, in after years,
The village found her, and for souvenirs,
The swains cut pictures: Nina Karl at Nice,
At Cap D'Antibes . . . even a shore in Greece.
Nina at far race tracks, at balls, at teas,
Nina, forever bold and hard to please,
Hiding her public face behind a fan.

How did she fare, you say, — how did she end?
Well, there are some who tell . . . but some contend
There was an accident. The message said
Her frightened mare ran over the cliff, — it read:
Body unclaimed . . . no kinsmen here . . . no friend.

Gilbert Maxwell

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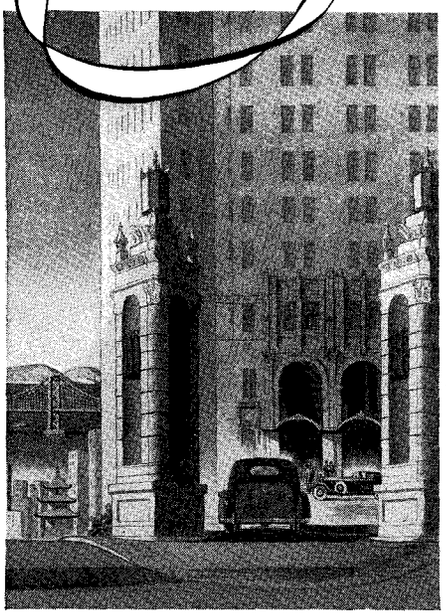

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

NEWMAN VS. FEUERLICHT

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Rabbi Newman [Louis I. Newman, author of "Where Jews Succeed," December FORUM] is pretty rough on young Feuerlicht [Maurice M. Feuerlicht, author of "Where the Jews Fail," October FORUM]. Perhaps the Doctor is using the psychology of the western football coach who, between halves, sharply slapped the faces of players who let plays get through them; kicked the boy who fumbled; sarcastically cracked about a team that was letting Alma Mater down. It is indeed a he-man bawling out that includes, "casting aspersions on his home environment," "never enlisted in the great movements," and "befouls his own nest." But I know Rabbi Newman well enough to believe that he will keep Feuerlicht in the lineup. Like the western football coach, in spite of the militant pep talk Newman really loves and admires the courageous play of Maurice Feuerlicht's mind.

Every learned Jew is a protestant. One glorious thing Judaism and Protestant Christianity have in common is an everlasting divine discontent with ourselves and the state of our folkways. Self-criticism is the preserving salt of cultural existence. Feuerlicht's FORUM article, "Where the Jews Fail," is an evidence that Judaism has not lost its savor.

Rabbi Newman's article, "Where Jews Succeed," gives, however, the balance which is necessary both to truth and to Jewish sanity. One might take issue with some of Dr. Newman's rebuttal. For example, "I know Yale students of the Jewish faith to be young men of sterling qualities, gentlemen to the core," is a generalization which evades the specific exceptions to which Mr. Feuerlicht truthfully points. But on the whole "Where Jews Succeed" lightens the darkness of "Where the Jews Fail." . . .

Newman, the teacher, seems to be saying to Feuerlicht, the student, "Wherever Jews have lived they have enriched society." I should say to Dr. Newman, "That is true, Rabbi, because Jews have always had many with the spirit of Feuerlicht."

EVERETT R. CLINCHY
The National Conference of Jews and Christians
New York, N. Y.

AGE AND PRODUCTIVITY

To the Editor:

The article "Death Begins at Forty" by Channing Pollock, November FORUM,

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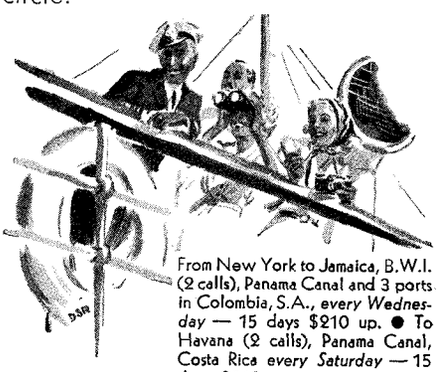

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Our Rostrum

considers perhaps the most serious economic problem faced by our country to-day — the growing unemployment of men and women past forty years of age. That millions of our finest and most capable citizens are being denied the right to earn their own livelihood simply because they have passed a certain age seems inconceivable. And yet, that is the startling and tragic truth. I, personally, for the last five years have investigated and studied this problem with results that bear out the truth of everything Mr. Pollock says — and more. It is almost impossible to overstate actual conditions. It is not too much to say — and I say it deliberately — that there exists among employers, especially the larger ones, a conspiracy of understanding not to employ workers past forty and in many instances at a much younger age. Business and industry cannot afford this stand but they *are* affording it, not counting the end or the final cost. Much less can the middle-aged afford it, but they are affording it because they cannot help themselves. But their heads are not in the sand, and they see all too clearly the tragic end of it all unless something be done to remove the bar that keeps them from gainful employment.

Mr. Pollock's article should be read by all who can get hold of it. It is a clarion call to those who believe in justice and fair play and in the simple truth that our country cannot happily endure half employed and half unemployed. It is a heartening message to the middle-aged who had almost given up hope, but a stern warning to those who would continue to sacrifice human values for temporary gain. It is a clear, unmistakable challenge to the oft-sleeping conscience of America. It should not — it must not — go unheeded.

PROF. W. W. SWINK
Villa Park, Ill.

To Mr. Channing Pollock:

I saw your recent article in THE FORUM, and I can realize the truth of your article, but I think that you can do something to help some of these men to get jobs, and some of the others like myself who have some kind of a small job to better themselves. For myself I would be able to do better if I did not look so darn shabby, or I could forget that I looked so. Could you not get some of those guys like Odd McIntyre or some of those other guys who have three hundred suits of clothes to give a few of the old ones to a Clothing Exchange which would sell them on credit for a dollar a week. If a man like me could be rigged up for about fifteen dollars, with a suit, overcoat and shoes he would be very apt to help himself. After he had paid up and needed another outfit if he was man enough to pay his first bill he

for the jaded ——
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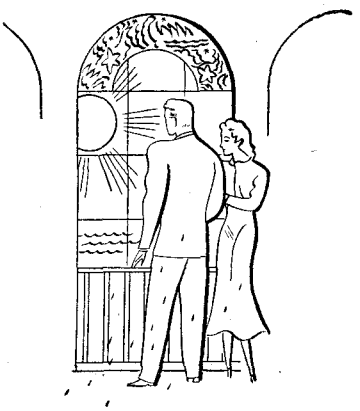

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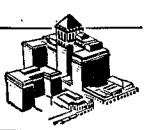
ATLANTIC CITY 

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Our Rostrum

could go back, and he would have that incentive to keep his credit good. I am not amplifying too much, but only trying to give you the idea. You see Mr. Pollock I earn fifteen dollars some weeks, but still I stay off Relief, but if I had some clothes I know I could do better.

W. T. W.

Port Richmond, S.I., N. Y.

Fair Play

To the Editor:

Some time ago The Forum printed an anonymous article, supposedly written by an organizer for the C.I.O. ["I Am a Labor Organizer"; August issue], which I thought was so unfair, so misrepresentative of the true state of affairs, that I vowed never again to renew my subscription.

Let me also say, in order to avoid any suspicion of rabid partiality, that I have been a member of the Typographical Union and, consequently a member of the American Federation of Labor, for 37 years.

But any fellow who is not big enough to forget an injury after full restitution has been made, is small potatoes.

So, for that reason, I want to congratulate you on the article, "The Truth about the C.I.O.," by Louis Adamic [November Forum]. This is not the first time I have read articles by Mr. Adamic. He knows what it is all about, and is not afraid to say so. I am now convinced that you are the kind of editor I always thought you were — a square shooter.

Permit me to say, also, that I believe this issue is one of the most important and worthwhile from the standpoint of information on other topics that you have ever gotten out.

No doubt you have restored the confidence of many of your readers by the publication of this very necessary article.

May you continue to print the truth — and thrive.

Harry Warmke

San Jose, Calif.

A Correction

In "Primer for Landlords and Tenants," by Janet Mabie, published in our October issue, it was stated that Clement E. Merowit "has written a text for teaching a technique of handling tenants in a manner in keeping with his ideas of gracious living (in what is probably the first book on progressive management) for the Central Y.M.C.A. College in Chicago."

The Y.M.C.A. College, somewhat embarrassed by requests for copies of "Mr. Merowit's book," asks that we make it clear that the text written by Mr. Merowit is only one chapter in a complete book on property management.

. . . death walks the pages of this magazine

True to our policy of faithfully reporting foreign affairs without bias and without prejudice, we of The Living Age have gathered from our thousands of foreign sources an amazing issue to be published this month.

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We want you to read this significant issue of The Living Age because no other source can provide you with the inside story of these conflicts and forces which every thinking American realizes are a serious and immediate threat to our own neutrality, and because we want you to become acquainted with the scope and extent of this great magazine — "the oldest monthly review in America, and the most distinguished."

Never before has this or any publication presented in a single issue so many authoritative articles on such momentous problems. From the January Living Age you can gain the clearest picture of the dangers threatening the peace of the world available today.

a few of the dynamic articles

Politics vs. Morality
by Don Luigi Sturzo

Poland, A Land of Whispers
by A. L. Easterman

Can Germany be Bought Off?
by Paul Elbel

Hashish Smuggling in Egypt
by C. S. Jarvis

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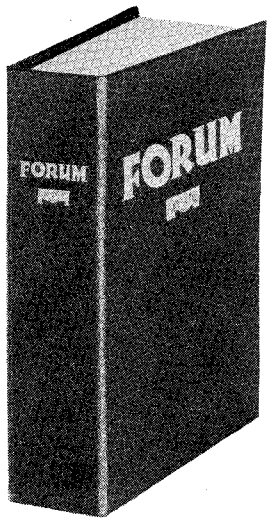

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JOHN H. O'BRIEN, a young graduate of the University of Michigan and a former Detroit newspaperman, does free-lance magazine and publicity writing.

ELIOT JANEWAY is connected with the International Statistical Bureau in New York. He writes several syndicated columns on business conditions.

MARGARET DANIELS, a lecturer and writer on social and educational subjects, is a consulting psychologist in New York City. She is working on a book to be called *Better Parents — Better Children*.

HARVEY A. KALISH is cataloguer of rare books, special collections, and foreign languages in the Boston Public Library. His first book, *Why Not Get Married?*, was published last year.

WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON, who wrote "Take Your Profits from Defeat," in the November FORUM, is a distinguished psychologist who has been working in that field since 1915. His last book was called *Try Living*.

HERBERT B. NICHOLS is natural science editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. His particular field is botany.

C. CHARLES BURLINGAME is psychiatrist in chief of the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute of the Hartford Retreat, at Hartford, Connecticut. He has been practicing medicine for 30 years and, 20 years ago, became the first industrial psychiatrist in the country when he made a study of employer-employee relationships from a psychiatric viewpoint.

EDITH M. STERN left the publishing business to write novels, of which she published three. Lately she has been writing nonfiction and lecturing on literary and other topics of special interest to women.

ELBERT H. CLARKE holds a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago and is a teacher of college mathematics. When he speaks of the financial burdens of parenthood it is as an authority — he has six children.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "What the WPA Did to Me" remarks that she has nothing to add to what she says autobiographically in her article, except that she is being psychoanalyzed.

JAY B. NASH is professor of education at New York University and also lectures extensively on subjects related to his work.

GEORGE W. ALGER, a native of Vermont and graduate of the State university there, has been practicing law in New York City for many years. His avocation is writing essays, chiefly on economic and semilegal subjects.

DAVID MORTON'S latest volume of verse was *Spell Against Time*, but he has recently edited a volume of poetry, by seven Amherst authors, called *This Is Their Acre*.

EDWIN J. STANLEY studied at the University of Montana before the War and has been doing newspaper work in the West in recent years.

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

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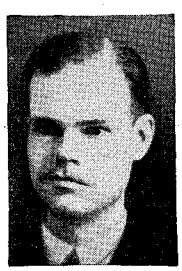

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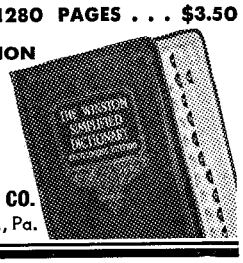

THE BOOK FORUM

A HISTORY OF THE BUSINESS MAN — Miriam Beard (Macmillan, $5.00).

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE — Gilbert Seldes (Whittlesey, $2.50).

ENGLISH VOCABULARY BUILDER — Johnson O'Connor (Human Engineering Laboratory).

TRANSGRESSOR IN THE TROPICS — Negley Farson (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

TWO WARS AND MORE TO COME — Herbert L. Matthews (Carrick & Evans, $2.50).

UNCOMMON SCOLD — George Stuyvesant Jackson (Humphries, $2.00).

BAGHDAD SKETCHES — Freya Stark (Dutton, $3.50).

PSYCHOLOGY DOWN THE AGES — C. Spearman (Macmillan, 2 vols., $7.50).

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS — Leo C. Rosten (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00).

AMERICA SOUTH — Carleton Beals (Lippincott, $3.50).

OF MEN AND MUSIC — Deems Taylor (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

DEBUSSY — Oscar Thompson (Dodd, Mead, $3.50).

ALMANAC FOR NEW YORKERS, 1938 — Federal Writers' Project (Modern Age, $0.25).

INCONCEIVABLE as it may seem, the world has had to wait until this, the Year One of the Recession, for a full history of the businessman. From the canny paleolith who traded what he had for what he wanted, to the present-day tycoon who barters credit for goods he never lays eyes on, Miriam Beard has abundantly chronicled the rise of the lords of commerce in *A History of the Business Man.*

In ancient Greece he was but a cut above the slaves, in privilege if not in power. With the booming of imperial Rome came his first chance to show what the busy executive could accomplish with the world as his oyster. The polite decay of the Middle Ages left him a patrician merchant, hounded by tax collectors and by pirates — if indeed he was not one himself. After the long medieval depression came the upcurve of the Renaissance with its traders, moneylenders, adventurers who prospered fabulously, adolescent capitalists. Growing into youth, the 18th-century businessman cultivated monopoly in what now seems a small way. Matured, he organized the 19th-century offensive against the world's remaining frontiers.

And finally — is senility the next stage? Miriam Beard makes no categorical answer. She examines contemporary businessmen and finds them talking a little feverishly — sometimes for themselves, sometimes through a black- or brown-shirted Charley McCarthy. American business, she feels, is different from any other, and so she does not predict its certain demise on Tuesday week. On the other hand, she would be the last to deny that there will be a fine funeral when and if. Throughout, her biography of Babbit down the ages is rich and readable, sharing the virtues of historical fiction and grass-roots research.

SMALL businessmen, professional people, homeowners are the concern of Gilbert Seldes, whose temperature shoots up after surveying affairs fiscal, not to say fundamental. He frankly has the jitters about the future of the middle class, which he believes is the hope of the world, if it can only be made to use its collective head. His book, *Your Money and Your Life,* is designed to stimulate the requisite cerebration. "Ninety per cent of the thinking in America," he says, "is against the interests of ninety per cent of the American people." Which means that, through borrowing from the doctrines of right and left, both ends are being played against the middle class. Moreover the middle class is put upon and jostled and bilked for the benefit of politicians and organized big business — potentially fascist.

But what is to be done unless we accept the solution of the militant left? Organize alone and like it seems to be Mr. Seldes' alternative to jumping from the panacea into the fire. The one thing the middle class should *not* do, if it is to save itself for democracy, is to get together in groups large enough to provide a following for leaders. Six or twelve or twenty vigilant citizens may be sufficient to head off the vigilantes on one hand and the Muscovites on the other.

Using the same startling journalistic technique that won Arthur Brisbane so many readers, Mr. Seldes hammers away at us with maxims in bold-face type and sure-fire slogans that make *Your Money and Your Life* box office and no mistake.

SUCCESSFUL businessmen, according to Johnson O'Connor, have large vocabularies. He does not guarantee, however, that you will be president of a corporation after mastering *anfractuous, glabrous,* or *feracious* — all of which appear among the 1,100 words in his *English Vocabulary*

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LETTERS TO A FRIEND

By WINIFRED HOLTBY

The vivid personality of the author of "South Riding" and "Mandoa! Mandoa!" shine through these letters, written between 1920 and 1926 to a friend in South Africa. Fresh, spontaneous, filled with news of affairs during the disturbed post-war years, they comprise an intimate portrait of their author and her circle.

Winifred Holtby died in 1935 at the age of thirty-seven, soon after completing "South Riding." $3.50

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Miss Jacob's newest novel is deftly plotted, full of incident and engaging characters. In it Claudia, central character of "Time Piece", emerges again to untangle the snarl into which her granddaughter has enmeshed her life. The background of stage and film studio is skillfully drawn from Miss Jacob's own experiences in both spheres of activity. $2.50

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Adventures of a young American as overseer of a Malayan rubber plantation, with 2,000 Japanese, Chinese, Bengalis workers. Capt. Bush, known to the natives as "Mad Yank", writes graphically of his day to day life in which elephant hunts, mutinies, and battles with disease were normal occurrences. $2.50

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The Book Forum

Builder. Using the apparatus of the Human Engineering Laboratory, Mr. O'Connor has discovered which words grow easily in thin soil and which ones require fertilizer. Arranged in the order of their difficulty, they make an interesting yardstick of the mental power of you and your friends, a kind of TVA for the vocabulary. Some "three-per-cent" words are *solemn, twiddle, catastrophe* — that is, only three people out of 100 don't know their meaning. The words first quoted above are 99 percenters — familiar to only one in 100. Get it?

"If you want a strictly emotional adventure to test, to reorient yourself," says Negley Farson, "South America is the spot for it." By way of proof he has written *Transgressor in the Tropics,* the story of his journey through half a dozen South American countries. Everywhere he argued with dictators and politicians and tested his wits against fantastic difficulties of transportation over the high Andes, absorbing the unreal grandeur of mountain and jungle, pondering the mystery and sorrow of the Indian. With his remarkable gift for communicating the feeling of a place and people, he demolishes once and for all the comic-opera tradition about our southern neighbors. Which is not to say he robs them of their color. Romance there is in abundance, as well as accurate and absorbing historical fact.

Ever since the days of Homer, wars have made good copy. Herbert L. Matthews, the best of the *New York Times's* connoisseurs of carnage, maintains the tradition in *Two Wars and More to Come.* With a background of experience in 1917, he followed Mussolini's mechanized columns in Ethiopia and then moved on to observe the loyalist armies in Spain. His book recapitulates in form, as literary as journalistic, both these recent adventures which were planned in fascist centers and executed abroad.

Mr. Matthews is frankly fascinated by things military, although he hates the death and waste involved in deciding arguments by machine guns and incendiary bombs. In so far as war is chess, he loves it — and the drama too is not lost on him. Heroism, strategy, unexpected moments of delight in months of hardship animate the superb reporting in his story. When battles are fought in a bewitching countryside, he views the terrain with the eye of a poet as well as of a tactician. Not a mile of the ascent from the Red Sea to Addis Ababa but left its portrait of man's activity and nature's obduracy on the sensitized plate of his prose.

Shifted by his paper from the side of the Italians in Africa to the side of the popular front in Spain, he has a unique knowledge of fascism in action. Intimacy has

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Development of the business man as a *type* through the ages, and his influence upon the rest of society is the theme of this unusual work, a new departure in biography.

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The Book Forum

not bred full respect. On the other hand, he loves Madrid rather than Marxism and he is as independent of communists as he is of the *Times*. Though he gives the former credit for saving his beloved city, he does not believe they will soon rule republican Spain. And, as for the *Times*, he is obviously vexed at its censorship. Whereas records of Italian victories in Ethiopia were published entire, all references to the greatest Italian defeat, at Guadalajara, were deleted. In his virile stand as a nonpartisan, Mr. Matthews is the Walter Duranty of Spain. The sympathy and economy and verve of his writing make up a volume which is one of the first brought out by a new firm of publishers. May they have more like it.

If you have never heard of a lady named Anne Royall, who lived about 100 years ago, you must read *Uncommon Scold*, by George Stuyvesant Jackson. This brief biography tells the story of one of the most forceful and unpredictable women ever to spring from American soil. First of all she was a realistic patriot and she wandered around the rather new United States writing travel books out of her passionate love of country — and her desperate need for money.

This might have been all to the good, had Anne Royall not lived about a century ahead of her time, for she wanted to see a land come of age overnight. Slavery, religious bigotry, political backwardness, provincialism not only shocked her but made her fighting mad, and she began a crusade on all of them. Her books ring with excellent vituperation and bad grammar: she attacked personally anyone who disagreed with her. She lobbied for good government, railed against hypocrisy. She started a newspaper and initiated the muckraking tradition. Then, when abolitionism began to take on a missionary hue, she objected again, assuming a violently moderationist stand.

Because of her bitter outspokenness on the subject of religion, she was tried as a "common scold" under the old laws of the ducking stool. She died a miserable, poverty-stricken malcontent — a personality who might in another age have been a national heroine. Mr. Jackson tells Anne Royall's story with more sympathy and speed than understanding. Her vitality intrigues him, but he makes no pretense of recreating more than the entertaining externals of her fiery career. The lady deserves something more, but meantime *Uncommon Scold* serves as an extraordinary introduction.

Fortunately, Freya Stark was *not* born before her time, and, unlike poor Anne Royall, she writes beautiful, rousing travel prose. Her *Baghdad Sketches*, she

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The Book Forum

says, originated as fugitive pieces for Eastern newspapers, but they have a polish that is as genuine as it is rare.

Miss Stark is not exactly the kind of itinerant Englishwoman the British colonial officials approve. She goes where she pleases, lives alone in native quarters of Oriental cities, and maintains relationships of perfect amity when diplomats often fail. The reason for her success is a kind of inspired innocence — a perfect balance of curiosity and respect which gives her entree where the more foolish and sentimental tourist would fear to tread. Although she has lived in the East for a long time, she never fails to be quickened by the curious adventures that come to her and moved by the spectacle of the new Western civilization creeping up to ambush the old. She can discuss politics with an anti-British Persian businessman or participate in the strictly female celebrations of the feast of Ramadhan in a harem. No matter where she goes, it is with a rich and restful sense of pleasure. The result is a book full of spice and most uncommon wit.

IN all the 2,000 years of its history, psychology has been a long series of contradictions. Even now, when your advertiser, your employer, your stenographer know "good" psychology from "bad," the experts who go at the subject scientifically are divided into hostile camps sniping at each other's basic principles. In a magnificent attempt to clarify the causes of the war and enable the layman at least to take sides, Professor C. Spearman gives us *Psychology Down the Ages*. He has a flair for the arresting phrase and the amusing illustration, set off with apt quotations and caustic comment.

To begin with Professor Spearman scoffs at the idea of psychology as a cure-all, and he reminds us throughout his history that sound psychological theory stemmed from common sense. He points out how Freud deviated from common-sense principles when he dismissed everything except sex from consideration and how, later, he had to change his views to include the idea of love of self.

On the question of intelligence tests, Professor Spearman has reservations. There are so many different definitions of intelligence and no direct means of measuring it, however defined. Other tests, in connection with fatigue measurement, he does support enthusiastically, although many psychologists tend to minimize their significance. In the study of fatigue some most important research work has been done, and certain definite scientific laws established.

It is the discovery of laws, indeed, that particularly interests him, for he stands a stout defender of psychology's right to be called a science. When all the old con-

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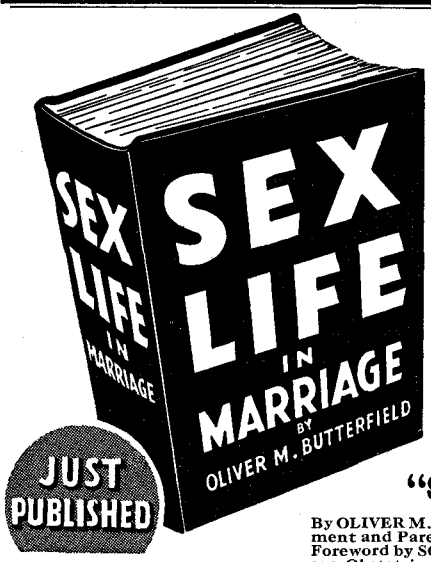

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His recent article on Marriage in the Reader's Digest drew an overwhelming response from readers in every walk of life.

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The Book Forum

fusions of philosophic terminology and biased doctrine have been chopped away, he finds hope for progress and accuracy. This in spite of the fact that man's knowledge of his own mind has seemed for centuries to progress about as much as a ferris wheel does, at a less satisfactory speed.

The story of the long battle for knowledge emerges clearly and in well-ordered lines of growth from Professor Spearman's study. If we can complain of one thing it is the lack of background for psychological ideas as they appeared at each stage — a feeling that we should like more to place the thinker in the particular society that brought him forth. This is not to say the author thinks such a placement is unnecessary. For, he concludes, "the study of how a single man feels, knows, and acts can bring but little profit except in so far as it teaches how men feel, know and act together, in their families and communities. Futile is the psychology that does not look forward to a sociology. Conversely, baseless is the latter when not founded on the former."

THE capital of this country, one of the greatest sources of political news in the world, is an unreal place, at once dynamic and decadent, says Leo C. Rosten. It is peopled with everything but the People. In residence there are the men who write for the papers, a specially privileged group that has fired Mr. Rosten's analytical imagination. In *The Washington Correspondents,* he cleverly dissects this species and finds that it makes up a fourth branch of the governing apparatus of our commonwealth. Having almost official status, the press corps wields enormous power in molding opinion. How does it do this? Can reporters write what they think? How much can we trust those on whom we must depend for news? Mr. Rosten answers not with a facile *yes* or *no* but with rich information gleaned from intensive firsthand study. Boswell to a collective Johnson, he dined with, cross-questioned, footnoted this small group of highly influential men. With a real sense of phrase and an economy of selection, he has arranged his novel material in a study of the same type and importance as the Lynds's *Middletown.*

CARLETON BEALS is *persona non grata* in official circles of more than one dictatorial Latin-American republic. This is one way of saying that he is at ease among the people and the progressive efforts in a hundred locales on the sunnier side of Tia Juana and Key West. In *America South,* he makes a romantic but solid study of how the other half of the Western world has lived, from the fascinating days of Aztec and Inca to the present era of Pan-Americanism, which he derides. If he gives slight hint of the rise of

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fascism toward power in Brazil and elsewhere, his oversight has the saving grace of being rooted in geniality. Though critical, Mr. Beals seldom likes to believe the worst of people or places. He does indicate most of the ingredients with which the political cooks of the world are trying to perfect a South American broth.

THE suave, graceful comments that Deems Taylor has been making for the Philharmonic's broadcasts are now revised, added to, and published in *Of Men and Music*. Carried over into the silence of print, these thumbnail essays keep somehow that touch of intimacy so necessary and so effective in radio talks. Mr. Taylor settles quite a lot of scores before he is through; he puts down a brilliant payment on our debt to Wagner, ticks off the pictorial interpreters of music, gives credit to several worthy and interesting unknowns. *Of Men and Music* is in the Woollcott tradition, a dash more robust.

ONE of Mr. Taylor's best chapters will prepare you for *Debussy*, a full-length biography of that composer, by Oscar Thompson. Here is a sturdy, well-considered story of the man and his work, which presents a good deal of rather startling fact never before put into print.

FEB. 3. Thursday. *Point to remember: It is a violation of the New York Sanitary Code to sleep in one's bathtub.* . . . This night in 1792 eyebrow raising greeted New York's first French ballet at the John Street Theatre. This day in 1880 one baffled philologist exclaimed, "Nothing disguises an Indian name so effectually as a Dutch pen." . . .

And this is only a day chosen at random from the 365 in one of the most original and charming books of the season, *Almanac for New Yorkers, 1938*. It is so conceived as to be very good reading even if you have never been nearer Manhattan than Medicine Bow.

M. L. ELTING

(Beginning on page 159, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS — Stuart Chase (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

MY NEW WORLD — Abbé Ernest Dimnet (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

RODIN — Judith Cladel (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75).

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE — John Bakeless (Morrow, $3.50).

HEROES AND BEASTS OF SPAIN — Manuel Chaves Nogales (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).

ITALY AGAINST THE WORLD — George Martelli (Macmillan, $4.00).

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Dr. Marie Stopes, in the preface to her world-famous book, says, "In my own marriage I paid such a terrible price for sex ignorance that I felt that knowledge gained at such a price should be placed at the service of humanity." This volume, "Married Love," courageously fulfills this noble purpose.

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Partial Contents

- The practice of restraint to please the wife.
- Surest way to prepare wife for union.
- The marital rights of the husband.
- What the wife must do to bring her husband's sex desires in harmony with her own.
- Regulation of intercourse in marriage.
- Sleeplessness from unsatisfied sex needs.
- Nervous diseases due to unsatisfied sex needs.
- Charts showing periodicity of natural desire in women.
- The essential factors for the act of union.
- When fullest delight in intercourse is obtained.
- How some women drive their husbands to prostitutes.
- Natural desire for sexual union.
- Joys of the honeymoon.
- Ignorance of the bride and unwise actions of the groom.
- The man who has relations with prostitutes before marriage.
- Causes for unhappiness in marriage.
- Frequency of conjugal relations.
- Stimulation of sexual feeling.
- The problem of the strong-sexed husband and the weak-sexed wife.
- Fundamental facts concerning coitus.
- Proper positions for intercourse.
- Sexual relations during pregnancy.
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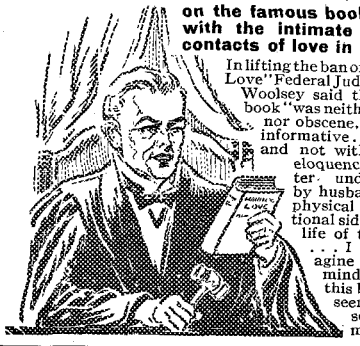

In lifting the ban on "Married Love" Federal Judge John M. Woolsey said this famous book "was neither immoral nor obscene, but highly informative . . . It pleads, and not without some eloquence, for a better understanding by husbands of the physical and emotional side of the sex life of their wives . . . I cannot imagine a normal mind to which this book would seem to be obscene or immoral."

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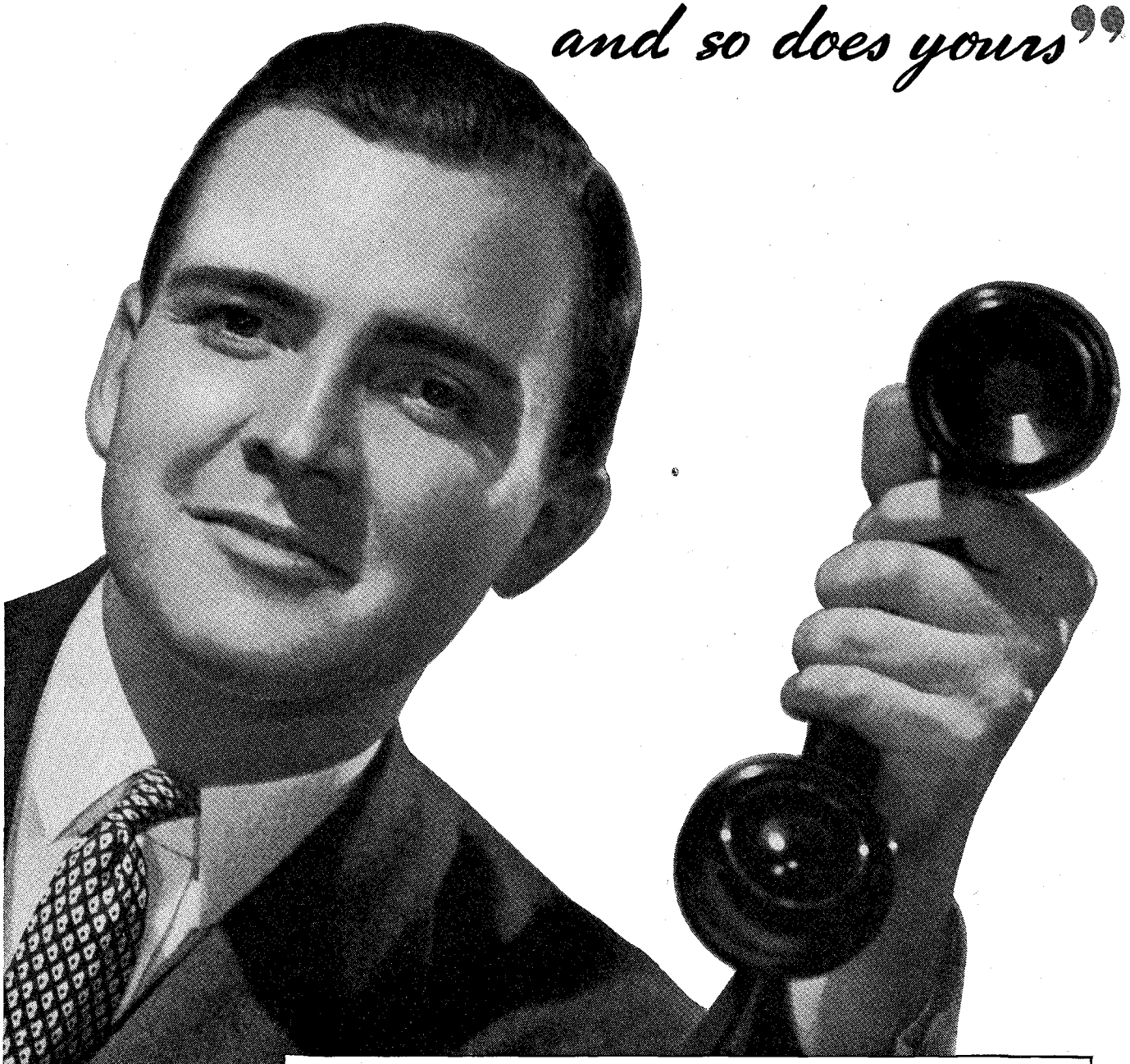

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